

J. E. Maunsell.

Scarronnides,

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A MOCK-POEM,

On the

FIRST & FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

In English Burlesque.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Reader is desired, for
the better comparing of the
Latin and English together,
to read on forward unto the ensuing
Letter of Direction, before he compare
the former with the Original.

VIRGILE.

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1700

Book I.

I

VIRGILE TRAVESTIE.

- (a) **I** *Sing the Man* (read it who list,
A *Trojan* true as ever pist)
(b) Who from *Troy Town*, by wind and weather
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and lost, and toft,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
(c) Long wandred he through thick and thin;
Half-roasted now, now wet to th' skin;
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd as 'tis said, by the Gods spite:
Although the wiser sort suppose
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's*,
A Murrin curry all curst Wives!
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much suffered he likewise in War,
Many dry blows and many a scar:

4 Oct. 58 Harvey

- (a) *Arma virumque cano*, (b) *Trojæ qui primus ab oris*
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora (c) *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto*
(d) *Vi Superum,* —
(e) *seva memorem Junonis ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem.*

Many a Rap, and much ado
 At Quarter-Staff, and Cudgels too,
 Before he could be quiet for 'um,
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em)
 But this same Yonker at the last,
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over past)
 And all these Rake-hells over-come,
 (b) Did build a pretty *Grange*, call'd *Rome*.
 (i) But oh my Muse! put me in mind,
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?
 (k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish scolding Quean,
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)
 (l) To use an Honest Fellow thus?
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
 (m) Have Goddesses no better manners?
 (n) A little Town there was of Old,
 Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;
 (o) The lustiest Carles all thereabouts,
 Rich Chuffs and very sturdy Louts.

—(g) *atque alta mœnia Romæ*

(i) *Musa mihi causas memora; quo Numine laeso:*

(k) *Quidvæ dolens Regina Deum, (l) tot volvere casus
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores*

Impulerit? (m) tantene animis cœlestibus ira?

(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit Tyrî tenere Coloni,
Carthago*—

—(o) *studiis asperissima belli*

(p) Now this same *Carthage* you must know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe* :

There are alive that yet will swear it,
 No Village like it, no place near it:

(q) Except a place (forsooth that's famous
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;
 Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
 Her Needles, Poking-Sticks, and Bodkins ;
 And here (in House which her own Key locks,

(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This place then mainly pleased her humour :

(s) But she had heard a scurvy rumour ;
 That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of *Chamlet*.
 Should one day overthrow her *Hamlet* ;
 Plunder her Chest's Joynt-Stools and Tables,
 And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

(t) She fearful of this sad Prediction,
 (Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
 When *Paris* gave the Apple from her ;

(p) *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

(q) *Posthabita coluisse Samo; (r) heic illius arma,*
Heic currus fuit ;

(s) *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces.

(t) *Id metuens,*

(u) *Necdum etiam causa irarum, sævique dolores*
Exciderant animo ; manet alta mente repositum
Fudicium Paridis———

Did many years bend her devotion,
 To drown *Aeneas* on the Ocean;
 And many a slippery trick she play'd him;
 Till *Jove* at last o're Sea convey'd him;
 (*) So hard it is where an old Grutch is,
 To get out of a Womans Clutches.

Aeneas had not been o'th' water
 Above an hour, or such a matter;
 Nor further row'd, than we may rate
 'Twixt *Parsons-Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
 Or say betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,

(*) When *Juno* (full of her old malice)
 Thus with her self began to mutter,
 Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter?
 Must they go on, fearing no Colours?
 And cannot I squander their Scullers?
 Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
 (y) Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?
 (z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
 And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies:

(a) But I, *Jove's* Sister and his Wife,
 Can do no mischief for my life—

(*) *Tanta malis erat Romanam condere gentem
 Vix è conspectu Siculae telluris in altum*

Vela dabant leti, & spumas salis ære ruebant;

(x) *Cum Juno aeternum servans sub pectore vulnus,
 Hac secum; Mene incepto desistere victam?*

(y) *Quippe vetor fati!* (z) *Pallasine exurere classem
 Argivum potuit? ———*

(a) *Ast ego, quæ Divum incedo Regina, Jovisque
 Et Soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos
 Bella gero ———*

(b) *Juno*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd and fretting thus,

(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus* :

This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows;
 A Day, & Week, a Month together,
 And by his farting, make foul weather;
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houſes down;
 Great Ships, and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
 He was, *in fine*, the loud'ſt of Farters;
 Yet could command his hinder quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow
 If their occaſion were, or ſo :

(d) Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern,
 In the wiſe conduct of his Poſtern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
 Durſt no where venture, I muſt tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly:
 Which having but one Poſtern-Gate
 For theſe mad Boys to fall at,
 He might the faſter peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a Pin,
 Then (at his eaſe) *Arsing* about,
 To any Quartet, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*

(c) *Æoliam venit : heic vaſto Rex Æolus anſtro*

Luſtanteis ventos tempeſtateſque ſonoras

Imperio premit. —

(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens* —

—*regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo*

Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

(e) To this same King, Queen *Juno* posted,
And thus in flatt'ring terms accosted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whose potent sway
The Lawless *Blust'ers* do obey ;
Whose nod the stubborn'ft winds do dread ;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,
Hear a poor Queens Request, and say
Thou'lt do't ; For I must have no Nay.

(g) There are a few Tatter-de-mallions
That (with a *Pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oar, and Sculls, tugging and rowing :
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandring, sturdy Ragamuffins ;
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :

(h) If therefore, thou wilt smoke these Roysters,
And sowse them all, like pickl'd Oysters,

(e) *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est :*

(f) *Æole (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)*

(g) *Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor,
Illum in Italiam portans*——

(h) *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi his septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo :*

There

There is a pretty Maid of mine,
 Called *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
 With no small Pride, no little Glory;
 To have a Queen so gay and trim,
 Come to request a Boon of him!
 But th' *Wench*, i'th' tale of the Preamble,
 O that! That made his Bowels wamble,
 (And Wind you know (under Correction)
 Is a main Caufer of Erektion)
 He, listning stood, wrigling and scraping;
 But durst not bow, for fear of scaping,
 Until at last with Cap in hand Sir,

(i) He thus return'd with modest Answer,
 O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
 That you will use your Servant *Æol*:
 And should I not pay your Civility,
 To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
 Who are great *Jove's* Sister and Wife,
 It were e'en pity of my Life:
 I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts up,
 As were they shee's would turn their——up.
 Say you no more, the thing is done;
 I'll drown 'm ev'ry Mothers Son.
 But since your Grace is nice of smelling,
 I wish you were at your own dwelling;

(i) *Æolus hac contra: Tuus ò Regina quod optes
 Explorare labor, mihi iussa capescere fas est,
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptrà Jovemque
 Concillias——*

There's Reason for't (saving your favour)
For truly (Madam) I shall favour.

But I beseech your Grace, in no wise
Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.

Juno at that, away does go

As swift as Arrow out of Bow,

* *Mons Sa-*
lopiensis.

And in less while, than I am speaking,
Was got as high, as top of * *Reking*:

No bigger now than School-boys Kite,

And now clean vanish out of sight.

Æol, who all the while stood gaping,

At her fine Peacock gawdy-trapping,

Seeing her mount *Olympus* Stair-case,

Began t'untruss to ease his Carcase.

Twice belcht he loud from lungs of leather,

To call his roaring Troops together:

And twice (as who should say, we come)

They roar'd i'th' concave of his Womb:

(*k*) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,

And with a Gibing kind of Nay word;

Quoth he, blind Harpers, have among ye;

'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.

At that same word lifting one Leg,

And pulling out his trusty Peg,

(*k*) *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem
Inpulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, tetumque à sedibus imis.*

(1) He let at once his General Muster
 Of all that e're could blow, or bluster;
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel,
 Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
 Have you not seen below the Sphear,
 A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,
 How by the Tapster when the Stopple
 Is ravish't from the teeming Bottle,
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and fliters,
 As if 'twere troubled with the squitters?
 Even so, when *Æol* plukct the plugg,
 From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
 The Winds burst out with such a rattle,
 As he had broke the Strings that twattle.

Bounce cryes the Port-hole, out they flie,
 And make the World dance *Barbary*;
 Throughout the Seas, and Coasts they wander,
 One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;
 A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
 A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
 Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his wandring Mates,
 Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;

(1) *Una Eurufque Notufque ruunt, creberque procellis
 Africus, & vastos volunt ad littora fluctus,
 Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.
 Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque diemque
 Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
 Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
 Presentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

Thinking no harm, no more than we do,
 (For allwas fine and fare to see to)
 When all o'th' sudden; oh who would think it!
 (By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
 It grew so dark, that wanting light,
 They could not see the Fishes bite;
 And strait e'rey one could say, what's this?
 The Winds began to howl and hiss,
 And in the turning of a hand Sir,
 They grew so big, one could not stand Sir.
 Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder.
 As the whole World would flie asunder-
Æneas hearing the Winds threatning,

By the
 lightning.

And * seeing monstrous Billows beating,
 Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
 And that the *Haddock*s watcht to catch him,
 (m) Fell presently in a cold sweat,
 So sick he could not drink nor eat;
 'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
 He had not fall'n into a Swound;
 But by *Jove's* favour being blest,
 With Gut's in's head above the rest;
 Like to a cunning Chapman, he
 Made Virtue of Necessity,
 And in the midst of all Despairs,
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs;
 (n) With woful heart, and blubber'd eyes,
 Lifting his *Mutton fists* to th' skies,

(m) *Extemplo Æneæ solvantur frigore membra:*

(n) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas
 Talia voce refert;*

He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
 Either hear now, or never hear;
 Now, now, thy Trusty *Trojans* cherish,
 Help now, or never, else we perish.

(o) Could not *Tydidēs* at *Troy Town*
 Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
 Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*
 When he kill'd lusty *Hector*, kill These?
 And must we now be sent for Dishes,
 To Sharks, and such like greedy Fishes?

(p) Thus went he on with his Orisons,
 Which if you mark them well *were wise ones*,
 Now praying, now expostulating;
 But he might e'n have held his prating;
 For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
 The noise was such, could no ways hear him:

(q) The Winds grew lowder still and lowder,
 And play'd their Gambals with a Powder;
 Then, then indeed began the pudder,
 Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
 Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
 And there one sinking in a *Gurges*.

———(o) *O Danaum fortissime gentis*
Tydidē, Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse, tuæque animam hanc effundere dextra?
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector———

(p) *Talia jactanti*, (q) *stridens Aquilone procella*
Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus;

(r) *Thres*

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muffels,

(s) And there did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-sands deep most lamentably.

(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was just about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the Men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned,
Did all he could with might and main,
To have swum back to Land again.

His skill he to the tryal puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was souc't up for *Cod-fish*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.

(u) Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the foaming Billows swimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongst the the Rowling Trenches;

(r) *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet.*

(s) *Tres Euris ab alto
In Brevia & Syrteis turget, (miserabile visu)*

(t) *Unam qua Lycios, fidumque vehebat Orontem,
Ipsius ante oculos, ingens à vertice Pontus
In puppim ferit, Excutitur, pronusque Magister
Volvitur in caput. Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus verat aequore vortex.*

(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.
Arma virum tabulaeque & Troja gaza per undas.*

Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands, and Ruffs,
 (Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs)
 Balk-Staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
 Brown-bread and Cheese that swam by luncheons,
 With Treasure past all mortal matching,
 That any man may have for fetching.

(*) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
 That still increas'd more loud and furly,
 Rous'd *Neptune* with the strange Commotion,
 Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,
 And to *Aeneas* a Well-wisher:
 'Cause one a time, *Venus* that bore him,
 Spoke a good word t' her Father for him,
 And made him for his good Conditions,
 King over all his Pools, and Fish-Ponds.

This Blade, when he first heard the Sea ring,
 Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
 But at the noise he throws his Tray,
 Fishes, and Salt, and all away.
 And taking up his three fork't Trout-spear,
 (*) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's here?

(†) *Interea magno misceri murmure Pontum,
 Emissamque Hiemem sensit Neptunus, & imis
 Stagna refusa vadis.*

(x) *Graviter, commotus & alto
 Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
 Disiectam Aeneæ toto videt æquore Classem,
 Fluviis oppressos Troas cælique ruina.
 Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis & ire.*

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
 By which he mounted without Ladders,
 And thrusting's head above the water,
 Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter?
 Then seeing round how things were vary'd,
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
 He strait began to smell a Rat,
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at;
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,
 And spite as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
 A Water-dog, that is a Diver;
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-soons
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloon?
 So *Neptune* when he first appears,
 Shakes the salt Liquor from his ears,
 And made the winds themselves to doubt him,
 He threw the water so about him.
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,
 He scarce could speak but spurt and sputter;
 (y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,
 He thus began in Language furious.
 How durst you Rogues take the opinion
 To vapor here in my Dominion,

(y) *Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri,
Jam Cælum Terramque meo sine Numine, Venti
Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego; — sed motos præstat componere Fluctus;
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis,

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry
 That Men cannot be quiet for ye!
 Rascals I shall!——But well! go to,
 I now have something else to do:
 If e'r again I catch you creaking
 'Tis ods I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.

(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman * *Blaster*, * Speaking
 Go tell that farting Fool your Master,
 That such a whistling scab as he,
 Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea;
 to *Boreas*
 himself.

(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
 Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
 There let him puff and domineer,
 But make no more such foisting here:
 And for what's past (if my aim miss not)
 I'll teach him fize! in my Piss-pot.

(b) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
 But that they fled to shew repentance,
 And he that erst had made a din most,
 Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.
 Even as a flock of Geese do flutter,
 When crafty *Reynard* comes to supper:
 So nimbly flew away these Scoundrels,
 Glad they had scap'd, and sav'd their poundrels.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hac dicite vestro;*
Non illi Imperium pelagi——
 (a) *Sed mihi forte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*
V' stras Eure domos. Illa se jactet in Aula
Eolus, & clasuo ventorum carcere regnet.

(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida equora placat.*

B

(c) Now

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
 The Sun shone bright, as on *May-Day* ;
 Had there been Grass, one might have made Hay :
 But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
 Their Men all dasht like water Rats.
Neptune at that his speed redoubles,
 To ease them of their peck of Troubles!
 He thrust his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
 Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'um,
 And lifted them shier off as clever,
 As he had had a Crow or Leaver :
 Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward.
 And row, East, West, or South, or Norward.
 If the Rogues come again I'll swill 'um ;
 I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium* ;
 And you *Æneas* and your Men,
 If e'r you come this way agen,
 I hope you'll call, or I'll be sorry,
 I'll have a dish of Lobsters for ye.
Æneas who was gentle-hearted,
 Scrap'd him a Leg and so they parted.
 They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,
 Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um,
 Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
 Plowing the Sea, as Men do Fellows ;

(c) *Collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit,
 Chymothoe simul & Triton adnixus accuto
 Detrudunt navels scopulo; levat ipse Tridenti,
 Et vastas aperit Syrtis & temperat aquor.*

Till e're a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' door and back agen,

(d) They all as plainly saw the other
Side, as we now see one another :
Then there old tugging was, and pulling;
Never such plying and such sculling;
They whoop'd and sung gladder and gladder;
I think March hares were never madder.
At last all dangers notwithstanding,

(e) They came unto a place of Landing;
A pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs;
Just such another pair as *Trigg Stairs*.
Not made for Watermen but Women
That use to come and wash their Linnen:
There was old striving then and thrusting,
Which with their Sculler should get first in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) shew some breeding,
Let's have no more hast than good speeding;
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your betters go before ye .
With that they all gave place, and reason,
It else had been no less than Treason ;

(d) *Quæ proxima littora cursu
Contendunt petere.*

(e) *Est in successu longo locus ; Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*

(f) Whilest our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the first foot upon the steppings;
Then all the rest came in a bundle,
As they would burst each others Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um,
And so they fate 'um down, and lows'd 'um.

(g) After a while, a Fellow knocks
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each Man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The World besides could shew no such wood;
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Bryers,
And fell a making them good Fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

(h) In the mean time *Æneas* got him,
Up to a Hill to look about him,
And as he there a while stood gazing,

(i) He saw some sheep below him grazing.

—————(f) *Æneas collectis navibus omni
Ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena,
Et sale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.*

(g) *Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates.
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis, Cerealiaque arma
Expediunt, fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo.*

(h) *Æneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem
Prospexit lato pelago petit.*

—————(i) *Tres littore cervos
Prospicit Errantes*—————

(k) O

(*k*) O ho, quoth he, I'll ſoon be wy'ye,
Beſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.

This ſaid, away my Youth does go,
And fetches ſtrait a good Yew Bow,
His Arrows under's Belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Buts and Pricks too)
His Head he put a good Steal Cap on,
Be cauſe he knew not what might happen :
And thus as if we went to Battle,
He goes to murder poor Mens Cattle.

(*l*) His Arrow in the String he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs Flocks ;
Theſe prov'd at chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.

(*m*) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made, were ſhort all :

Theſe to his hungry Mates he luries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?

(*n*) Here Lads, quoth he, here's ſides & haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of boaiſting,

(*o*) But ſome to boiling fell, ſome roaſting ;

(*k*) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, ſcelereſque ſagittas,*

(*l*) *Duſtoresque ipſos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis ſternit.

(*m*) *Nec prius abſiſtit quam ſeptem ingentia viſtor*
Corpora fundit humi.

(*n*) ——— *Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*

(*o*) *Pars in fruſtra ſecant, veruſque trementia figunt,*
Littore ahena locant alii, flammaſque miniſtrant.

'Twas soon enough, and, to' they fall,
 They eat up Mutton, Guts and all;
 Yet scarce could fatisfie their hungers,
 These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.

(p) There was by chance a *stoop* of *Liquor*,
 Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
 Giv'n by my Hostels, I conceive,
 When first *Aeneas* took his leave:
 This drink (to make their Feast the fuller)
Aeneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
 And like a Man had something in him,
 Gave it as free as e'r 'twas gi'n him :
 Himself a dish he first pour'd out,
 For fear it would not go about ;
 Then stroaking up his whiskers greasie,
 He thus begins in words most easie.

(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
 W' are got at last safe o're the Ferry ;
 And though w'ave had but angry work, yet
 Let's make the best of a bad Market :
 To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
 A grain of mirth's worth pounds of sorrow ;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
 Littore Minacrio, dederatque abuentibus, Heres
 Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.*

(q) *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
 O passi graviores, Dabit Deus his quoque finem :
 Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusque sonantes
 Accessitis scopulos ; vos & Cyclopea saxa
 Experti——*

(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart you know, ne'r won fair Lady :
What though a while we fair but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie :
We shall with Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty Patches, where no Pox is :
And then all this that seems t'undo us.
Will be but sport and pastime to us.

(s) Thus did the subtile Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter ;
As who should make 'em understand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's hand,
When I (for all's brave alls) must tell ye,
His heart then panted in his belly,

(t) Down glides his Ale over his Pallet
As glib as't had been Oyl of Sallet ;
And all the rest in their due order
Quaff'd till their drink would go no further.

(u) Now having spent their drink and vittles
They rise, and wipe their greasie Thwittles,

———(r) *Revocate animos mæstumque timorem
Mittite; forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.*

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
Spem vultu simulat; premit altum corde dolorem.*

(t) *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferina.*

(u) *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remota
Amisissos longo socios sermone requirunt.*

And stroaking them began to mind 'um,
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'um:
 With that *Aeneas* made a motion
 To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
 If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
 They might espy their Fellow Tories;
 At that they went, some this, some that way,
 Some went not far, and some a great way;
 Some whoopt, some hallow'd, and some shouted,
 (x) Some thought 'um safe, and others doubted,
 Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
 To list if they could hear 'um coming;
 But all in vain, for none could spie 'um,
 They fear'd their friends, for none was ny 'um.
 At last by general Approbation,
 They laid 'um down, as was the fashion,
 And slept, being tyr'd with pains and feasting;
 When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
 With such a noise as made the shore ring,
 Or such a din as Dogs do utter,
 When they by night together clutter;
 Snarling and swearing in lude fashion,
 For Bitch of evil Conversation:

(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leisure,
 Walking, or for his health, or pleasure,

(x) *Speinque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Sine extrema pati;*

———(y) *Cum Jupiter æthere summo
 Despicens mare velivolum terrasque jacentes,
 Littoraque —*

Looking about on ev'ry side him,
 (z) O th' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd them,
 And said in merry kind of Japing,
 Indeed Sirs, have I taren you Napping?
 Scarce had he spoke, when all oth' sudden,
 Whilst he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing;
 Who should come there to do her duty,
 But *Venus* that was Queen of beauty!

* This *Venus* without counterfetting
 Was a fine Lads on's own begetting,
 Thou ne'r saw'st prettier in thy life,
 Although he had her not by's Wife,
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,
 And so she came in at the Window:
 Now *Venus* was *Aenea's* Mother,
 And him she had by such another
 Roysters as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel,
 He firkt her Mother's Privy-Council;
 In the behalf then of her by-blow:
 Which had endured many a dry-blow:

* See
Servius
 upon
Virgil.

(a) She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing.
 Until at last, with a fine Linning
 Wrought round with blue, of her own spinning
 Wiping her face from tears and snivil,
 She thus began in words most civil.

—(z) & *Lybiæ defixit lumina Regnis.*

(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Tristior & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus

(b) O thou, of Gods, and Men, the King,
That canst do any kind of thing;
That past their wits doth Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder dost, or lighten;
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'st a fart for no body:

(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must be made fools on,
And that thou wilt for no persuasions
Let them go follow their occasions?

(d) I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'em This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your bounteous Givings,
They should have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*:
But I perceive 't was all a Lye.

(e) *Jove* stroaking up his great Mustachos,
Smil'd for to see her so outrageous;
For had she broke a Pot or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

(b) O qui Res hominumque Deumque
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terras;
(Quid Troes potuere? quibus tot funera passis
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis)
(d) Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis.
Hinc fore duces, revocato à sanguine Teucris.
Qui mare qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quate Genitor sententia vertit?
(c) Olli subridens hominum sator atque Deorum.

He lov'd her so, which 'tis too common,
Either in Man, or else in Woman;
Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,
More dearly than their lawful Issue.

(f) *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her
(For she had made his Mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her,
A kiss of a lascivious flavor.

(g) My pretty Wench, quoth he, I pretinee,
Let's have no more such puling with thee:
All shall be well enough, ne'r fear it,
And by my Beard once more I Swear it,
Thy Son *Aeneas*, thou dost doubt so,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,
Shall be a King, a Prince at least;
I speak in earnest, not in jest.
With that he whistled out most plainly,
You might have heard his Fift as plainly
From one side of the Sky to th' other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whistled he, when by and by,
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
And askt him without more ado,
What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cælum, Tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit Gnata; dehinc talia fatur.*

(g) *Pace metu Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sydera cæli
Magnanimum Æneam.*

This

* See
Plaut. in
Amphytr.

This *Merc'ry* you must understand Sir
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :
A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
* Dance, run, and leap, frisk and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Sommerfet* ;
And fly with artificial Wings,
Ty'd to his head and heels with strings :
'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,
As we have seen at *Bartle Fair* ;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could say his Errant :
An exc'lent Servant, in plain dealing,
But that he was inclin'd to stealing,

(b) Sirrah, quoth *Jove*, go take your Pumps,
And hast to *Carthage*, stir your stumps ;
And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine *Infinuater* :
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*,
Possess throughout with kind opinions,
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*
Not knowing things so well as I do,
Should shew 'um all a Trick of *Pas-pas*,
And chance t'indict them for a *Trespas*.
Away he flies *sans* further speech,
As he had had a Squib in's breech;

(h) *Hæc ait, & Maja genitum demittit ab alto.*
Ut terræ, utque novæ pateant Carthaginis arces
Hospitio Teurcis, ne fati nescia Dido
Fimibus arceret. Volat ille per æra magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Libyæ citus astitit oris.

And

And ſuddenly without diſcerning,

(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning,
Dido for her part, ſwore a *Trojan*
 Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.
 Mean while the *Trojans* ſlept at eaſe.
 Unleſs ſometimes bit by white Fleas,
 Their ſoft repoſe in quiet taking,

(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking;
 Who whiſt the night was dark and o'er-caſt,
 Like one that had an excellent forecaſt,
 Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,
 How they might get more *Belly-timber* :
 No ſooner the Light firſt came creeping,
 But that he cry'd, Ah Fool! art peeping?

And up he ſtarts to go a ſtealing,
 Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;
 And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
 To go alone might be ſome danger;

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
 To call a Truſty Friend of his;
 And that he might go on the bolder
 He laid a Two-hand Bat on's ſhoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,

(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood;

—————(i) *Ponuntque ferocia Poeni*
Corda, volente Deo; imprimis Regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

(k) *At pius Æneas, per noſtem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data eſt,—————

—————(l) *Ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate*
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.

(m) *Cui mater media ſeſe tulit obvia ſylva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens.

So smug she was and so array'd,
 He took her Mother for a Maid:
 A great mistake in her, whose Bum
 So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum,
 When oft, full oft the lusty Drumstick,
 Breaking quite through would in her Bum stick.
 Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows;
 And let her self be chuckt as tamely,
 As if therein there did no blame lie,
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

(n) Well met; young Man; quoth *Venus* kindly;
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note
 A Lads in Petticoat and Waistcoat;
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
 Driving a Sow and Pig before her?

(o) No truly, quoth *Aeneas* mild,
 I saw nor Man, Woman, or Child;
 Yet though I say't, had I been nigh her,
 I could as well as others spy her:
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,
 As if thy words came through a Quill?
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely:

—————(n) *Heus, inquit juvenes, monstrate mearum
 Vidistis siquam hic errantem sorte sororum,
 Succinctum pharetra, & maculosa tegmine lyncis,
 Aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem?*

—————(o) *Veneris contra sic filius orsus:
 Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
 O quam te memorem virgo? namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O dea certe.*

(p) There's

(p) Therefore good Mistriss, or good Lady,
I do beseech, you if it may be,

To put us out of fear of dangers,

(q) Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers.

(r) *Venus*, at that wrigling and mumping,
Cries, pray young Man, leave off your frumping;

For until now I've met with no Man,

E'r took me for a Gentlewoman;

She that I ask for is my Sister;

I wonder how the Pox you mist her!

We were this Morning sent in haste;

To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.

(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*,

The Land's so good it needs no *Meanor*:

(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who,

Run hither a good while ago:

She is a Queen of gentle bearing,

Whose Story will be worth the hearing:

(u) But should I tell it all out-right,

I think 'twould last a Winters night.

(x) Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,

Who now alas, is left a Widow!

Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,

A wealthy Man in Land and Money:

(q) *An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una!*

(r) *Quod sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*

fastemur doceas—

(s) *Tum Venus: Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

(t) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios & Agenoris urbem*

(u) *Imprium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta*

(x) *longa est injuria, longa*

ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum,

(y) *Huic conjux Sychæus erat, ditissimus agri.*

(y) Whom

(y) Whom one *Pygmalion* unawares,
 Kill'd, as he was saying his Prayers;
 Only for lucre of his pelf,
 Which he had thought t'have had himself,
 (z) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off some season,
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
 By telling her a Flim-flam prattle
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
 But on a Time, as without doubt,
Murther at some odd time will out:
 One night as she did sleep and snore,
 As she had never slept before,

(a) Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,
 Comes me her Husband without knocking,
 A Link he in his hand did brandish,
 His face was paler than your Band is:
 Nearer he came and would have kiss'd her,
 At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her;
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
 He gave her *Words of Consolation*.

Quoth he, I murd' red am, my Jewel,
 By ways most barbarous and cruel:
 And for to shew I tell no Fibs,

(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribs.

(y) *Ille Sychæum*
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat

(z) *ægram*
(Multa malus simulans) vana spe lusit amantem.

(a) *Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallada miris:

(b) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*
Nudavit:

And

And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to use thee like a Stallion :

(c) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Rascal ne'r a Penny
To bless himself; it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garding.

(d) *Dido* at this, rises up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pigmalion's* Curfes,
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purfes;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off safe, whil'st all this Geer
Was ordered by a *Wastcoateer*.

(e) At last she came with all her People;
To yonder Town with the Spire Steeple,
And bought as much good feeding Ground for
Five Marks, as some would give five pound for;
Where now she lives a Hufwife wary,
Has her Ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy :

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
Auxiliumque via, veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.*

(d) *His commota fugam, Dido, sociosque parabat :*
*Conveniunt quibus aut odium crudele tyranni.
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ forte paratæ,
Corcipiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; Dux famina facti.*

(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem;
Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam.
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

C

(f) And

(f) And now young man, I pray ye shew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?

(g) This being said, our lusty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,
Should I begin my story spinning,
From the first end to th' last beginning,
I doubt to finish we should miss time,
For it would last till t' morrow this time.

(b) We Trojans are of Troy-Town Race,
(If e'r you heard of such a place.)

(i) And I Æneas fam'd in Fight;
But much more for a Carpet-Knight:
Who bring a long our Countrey Gods,
A company of smoaky Toads,
Catcht out o'th' fire from the Greek,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I say't) with any He,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Especially by th' Mothers side.

(f) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut venistis ab oris
Quove tenetis iter?* —

—(g) *Quærenti talibus ille
Suspirans, imoque trahens à pectore vocem:
O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauso componet vesper Olympo.*

(h) *Nos Troja antiqua (si vestras forte per aures
Trojæ nomen iit)* —

(i) *Sum pius Æneus, raptos qui ex hoste penates.
Classè veho mecum,* —

Did my Fame never hither come?
 I'm talk'd of far, and near at home;
 To tell you truly as a Friend,

(k) For *Italy* we did intend,
 And put to Sea in paltry weather,
 (l) With twenty pair of Oars together:
 Of Which there hardly are left seven,
 Which put into the Shore last Even.

(m) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying;
 And seeing he could scarce hold crying;
 This cut him off in courteous fashion,
 Th' midst on's pitiful Relation:

(n) Who'e'r thou art, take heart I say,
 Rome can't be built all on a day;
 And though y'have suffer'd some disasters,
 Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,
 'Tis a good sign that those Gods love ye,
 For all your haste, that hither drove ye:
 You might have walkt your Pumps apieces,
 Er light on such a place as this is.

(o) Gome to th' *Queen* now out of hand;
 And shew her how your matters stand:

(k) *Italiam quæro, patriam, & genus ab Jove summo.*

(l) *Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus æquor,
 Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata, sequutus.*

ix septem convulsa undis, Euroque supersunt.

(m) *Nec plura querentem
 assa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est.*

(n) *Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus celestibus, nuras
 itales carpis, Tyriam qui ad veneris urbem*

(o) *Perge modo atque hinc te regina ad limina prefer.*

She'll make you welcome for her part ;
She loves tall Fellows in her Heart :

(p) There on my honest word, you'll meet
Your lost Companions, I fore-see't ;
And have all things that you would wish,

(q) Or surely I was taught amiss :
(And I a Father had, could make
In time of need, an Almanack)
Chear up your hearts, your spirits rally,
And ne'r stand fooling, shall I shall I,
But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes.

(r) There lies your way, follow your Nose.

(s) With that she turn'd to go away,
And did her freckl'd Neck display ;
By which, and by a certain whiff,
Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mother's Grace :

(t) Mother, quoth he, why dost thou run thus
And with thy *Memming* cheat thy Son thus ?

(p) *Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam
Nuntio*

(q) *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

(r) *Perge modo & qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

(s) *Dixit ; & avertens rosea cervice refulsit ;
Ambrosiaque coma divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere ; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos ;
Et vera incessu patuit dea ; ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce sequutus.*

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis
Ludis imaginibus ? cur dextra jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces ?*

Why may we not shake one another
By th' Hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woful Cases,
Whil'st thus we wander in strange places!

(u) But she was gone; for when she list,
She foist away could, in a Mist;
Nor could she tarry, to say truly,
For she had made a promise newly
To meet a Friend of hers to dally,
In a blind Street they call *Ram-Alley*.

Æneas then began to find,
That there was something in the wind,
And said, My Mother's a mad shaver,
No Man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as Half a Crown,
We two could walk so into th' Town,

Venus heard what he said, for she
Could hear, as far as we can see;
And in a Moment to befriend 'm,
Two Cloaks invisible did lend 'm.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to shelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns end.

(u) *At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit
Et multo nebula circum dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, nec quis contingere posset,
Molirive moram*——

(x) *Ipsa Paphum sublimis. abit.*

(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat;
Tanque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminent, adversasque aspectat desuper arces.*

(z) *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,
To see of Houses a whole hunderd :
But when he saw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.

(a) The Town was full all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, Some another,
Some digging were, some making Mortar,
Some hewing Stones, and such a Quarter.
For they were all as story tells,
Building or doing something else;

(b) And to be short, all that he sees,
Were working busily as Bees.

(c) I'th' middle of the Town there stood,
A goodly *Elm* ore-grown with Wood ;
And under that were stocks most duly,
To lock them fast that were unruly :
There sat they down to ease their Travel,
Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel,
And lookt about as they lay lurking,

(d) To see the busie *Tyrians* working :
But none could see them for their spell,
They were so hid, they might as well,
Tho' they had been never so nigh um,
See throug a double Door as spy um.

(z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam :*

(a) *Instant ardentes Tyrii; pars, ducere muros
Mælorique arcem, & manibus sub solvere saxa :*
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.

(b) *Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor*—————

(c) *Lacus in urbe fuit media, latissimus umbra :*

(d) *Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,
Per medios, misce que viris neque cernitur ulli.*

Near stood the Church, a prett y Building ;
Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,
I cannot like any to it,
Unless't be *Panocrace*, if you know it.

(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholden unto none ;
But built it all both Stick and Stone,
At her own proper cost and charges ;
No Church i'th' Countrey near so large is :
It was well laid, with Lime and Mortar :
For so the Workmen did exhort her,
Because it would be so much stronger,
And so you know would last the longer.
It had a Dore peg'd with a Pin,
To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
A Low Bell hung to call the People.

Æneas and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'um,
That in they went, and no one spy'd um.

(f) But then they wondr'd to behold
The Images so manifold,

(e) *Hi, templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat*

(f) *Artificumque manus inter se, operumque labores
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugas,
Bellaque tam fama totam vulgata per orbem ;
Atidas, Priamumque, & sævum ambobus Achillem,
Constitit, & lachrymans. Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?*

That staring stood in fundry places,
 As if they would flie in their Faces,
 Then quoth *Æneas*, to's Comrade,
 This Fellow Master was on's Trade,
 That pictur'd these : Look, look, as I am
 An honest Man, yonder's our *Priam* ;
 See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
 As he could speak both Greek and Latin,
 Whoop yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troilus*,
 Look thee, how there the *Grecians* foil us ;

(g) And there our trusty *Trojans* do
 Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
 With his Cock-feather in his Cap :
 And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,
 Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.
 How came these here t' be pictur'd thus ?
 Sure all the World has heard of us.

(h) Whil'st thus *Æneas* sad and muddy,
 Stood musing in a dark brown Study,
 Incomes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
 In Apron white, as on a *May-day* :
 A crew of Roysters waited on her,
 Which there were call'd her Men of Honour :
 All clad in fair blew Coats and Badges,
 To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

—(g) videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
Hæc fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juvenus :
Hæc Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.
 (h) *Hæc* dum Dardanio, *Ænea* miranda videntur,
 Dum stupet, obtutaque hæret defixus in uno :
 Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima *Dido*
 Inceßit magno juvenum stipante caterva.

(i) Even

(i) Even as a proper Woman shows
 When unto Wake, or Fair she goes,
 Clad in her best Apparel, fo
 Queen *Dido* all this time did show,
 And was so brave a buxom Lass,
 That she did all i'th' Town surpass.
 Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,
 And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
 Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
 She went to rest her Marrow-bones,
 And on a Cushion stufft with Flocks,
 She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.

(k) There *Dido* sat in State each day,
 To hear what any one could say ;
 Some to rebuke, and for to smooth some.
 And give out Laws wholesome, or toothsome ;
 To punish such as had Insolence,
 And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens* :
 And there likewise each Morning-tide :
 She did the young Mens Tasks divide,
 Wherein great Policy did lurk,
 Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
 And fell about it without jangling :
 But that which kept them most from wrangling.

(i) *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
 Exercent Diana choros, quam mille sequuntæ
 Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; illa phætram
 Fert humero gradientque deas supereminet omnes.*

(k) *Tum foribus ævæ, media testudine templi,
 Septa armis, folioque alte subnixæ resedit ;
 Jura dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem
 Partibus aquabat justis, aut sorte traherat.*

Was

Was that they still drew cuts to know
Whether they should work hard or no:
And who had the longest cut, and th' best ;
Had still more work than all the rest.

(l) Here whil'ft *Æneas* squeez'd and thrust is,
To see Queen *Dido* doing justice :
Who should he but his Fellow spie
Got into *Dido's* Company ?

There *Antheus* was (no Mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapor ;
Cloanthus too, the Woolen-Draper :
All which and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to shore.

(m) At this *Æneas* and his Friend,
Were e'n almost at their wits end;
Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,
Quoth he, how think'ft, how came they here ?
Nay, quoth the other presently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I ?

(n) *Æneas* was so glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,
And so was t'other, for, in sadness,
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladness :

(l) Cum subito *Æneas* concursu accedere magno
Anthea, *Sergestumque* videt fortemque *Cloanthum*,
Teneorūque alios, ater quos æquore turbe
Dispulerat penitusque alias advexerat oras.

(m) Obstupit simul ipse, simul percussus *Achates* :

(n) *Letitiaque* metūque avidi conjungere dextrās
Ardebant ; sed res animos incognita turbat ;
Dissimulant, & nubæ cava speculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris ; —

But

But yet it seems they were so wise,
To keep them safe in their disguise :
Until their Friends had try'd th' Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(o) At last they saw one *Ileoneus*.
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious :
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician :
One that could write and read, and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keepst thy Ground in hearty Tillage ;
O thou, who hast the Royal Science,
to govern Men as wild as Lyons,
Behold us here, who look like Men
New eaten and spew'd up agen :
So spitefully has Fortune crost us,
So wofully the Seas have tost us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you see,
Even as poor as poor may be ;
Thrown on the Shore by Wind and Weather,
Ill luck, the Devil, and altogether ;

(o) *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cœpit ;

(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Iustitiaque dedit gentes frænare superbas.
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia velti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes :
Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.

And

And humbly do beseech your Grace,
 To pity our most woful Case.
 Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
 And look upon us grim and furly,
 So that if you be not good to us,
 They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us,
 Therefore we pray you send some one,
 To bid 'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alafs! we come not to purloin,
 Either your Cattel or your Coin,
 Neither to filch Linnen or Wollen,
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen;
 W' have no such knavish ends as these,
 But only to beg Bread and Cheefe.

(r) We were hard rowing to a place,
 A hardish kind of Name it was,
 Where once your what shal's cal'ums (rot 'um,
 It makes memad I have forgot 'um)
 Liv'd a great while; but nowd'ye see,
 'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy* :

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare penates
 Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas :
 Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia visis.*

(r) *Est locus (Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ ;
 Oenotrii coluere viri : nunc fama minores
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine gentem :
 Huc cursu fuit*——

(s) When

(s) When on a sudden one *Orion*,
 Powder'd upon us like a *Lion*,
 And sgander'd us on *Flats* and *Shelves*,
 Enough to make us drown our selves :
 So that of *Sixscore Men*, and deſt ones,
 Even here, O *Queen*, are all left on's.
 Then what ſhould ail you *Tyrians* thus
 To ſcowl and look askew at us ;
 Or where the Devil were they bred,
 Sure ranker *Clowns* ne'r liv'd by *Bread* !
 And, for to tell your *Grace* my thought,
 I think they'r better fed than taught,
 For (as I am an honeſt Man,
 Let 'um deny it if they can.)

(u) No ſooner landed we to bait us,
 But that the *Rogues* threw *Cow-turds* at us :
 Bun *Queen*, I hope, thou'llt teach the *Wretches*
 Henceforth to meddle with their *Matches*.

(x) *Æneas* once did us command,
 A taller Fellow of his hand,

(s) ——— Cum ſubito aſſurgens nimboſus *Orion*
 In vada cœca tulit, penitusque procacibus *Auſtris*,
 Perque undas ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
 Diſpulit, huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris ;

(t) Quod genus hoc hominum ? quæve hunc tam barbara morem
 Permittit patria ?

(u) Hoſpitio prohibemur arena,
 Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.

(x) Rex erat *Æneas* nobis ; quo juſtior alter
 Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis ;
 Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea nec adhuc crudelibus accurat umbris,
 Non metus, officio nec te certaffe priorem
 Pœniteat ———

Nor

Nor honefter, ne'r did, or fhall,
 Draw out a Trapftick to a Wall.
 If he but live, and that already
 He be not drowned in fome eddy,
 You of your coft will ne'r repent you,
 For to a Penny he'll content you.

(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend um,
 Let's draw our Boats afhore and mend um.
 We'll promife you, if that we meet
 Our Captain with the reft o'th' Fleet,
 And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,
 We towards *Italy* will trudge on ;

(z) And if that he fhall ftill be lacking,
 Then back again we'll ftraight be packing.
 (*) *Dido* like Woman of good fafhion,
 Gave fpecial heed to his Relation,
 And all the while he did relate it,
 Mumpt like a Bride that would be at it.
 At laft when he had told his Tale,
 Mantling like *Mare* in *Mariugate*,
 She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheery,
 Pluck up your Hearts, and reft you merry ;

(y) *Quaffatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
 Et sylvos aptare trabes, & stringere remos;
 Si datur Italiam sociis, & vege recepto :*

*Tendere, ut Italiam lati, Latiumque petamus ;
 (z) Sin absumpta salus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,
 Pontus habet Lybia, nec spes jam restat Iuli ;
 At freta Sicania saltem sedesque paratas,
 Unde huc adveſti, regemque petamus Aceſtem.*

(*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa profatur :
 Solvite corde metum Teucris, secludite curas.
 Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Moliri*

Our

Our Town-folks here are something wary ;
 Not that they any ill-will bear you ;
 For they are very honest Fellows,
 But that of late a chance befel us.
 To tell you true, the other day,
 When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
 A lusty Rascal, such a one
 As one of you (dispraise to none)
 Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
 Where all our Cloaths were hung to bleach,
 Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
 The very best of all my Stock ;
 And runs away wi't in a trice :

(T had ne'r been on my back past twice:)

But you I know such baseness scorn,

You all are Men well bred and born :

(a) Who has not heard o'th' Trojan People,
 And of *Æneas* and his Swipple?

Nor shall you find us Dames of Tyre,

So far remov'd from *Phæbus* fire ;

But we can cherish lusty Y'eomen,

And carry Toyes like other Women,

(b) Therefore you shall, whither you go
 Straight on to *Italy*, or no :

(a) *Quis genus Æneadum, quis Troja nesciat urbem ?
 Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli ?*

*Non obtrusa adeo gestamus pectore Pæni ;
 Nec tam adversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe ;*

(b) *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam. Saturniaque arva,
 Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Acestem,
 Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque juvabo.*

Or

Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Parish back again,
Have what you want; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get Money :

(c) But if you'll tarry here, this Town
That I now build shall be your own ;
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,
As any *Tyrian* of 'um all.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hose on's Head :

(d) And I could wish that the same Weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Aeneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do ;

(e) But I'll send out my Men, who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts ?

(f) *Aeneas* in his misty Cloke,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* spoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare regnis ?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est ; subducite naves.
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem
Afferet Aeneas ;*

(e) *Per litora certos
Dimittam, & Lybia lustrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejectus sylvis, aut urbibus errat*

(f) *His animum arrecti di&is, & fortis Achates,
Et Pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant*

Her honey words made his mouth water;
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her :
 But he so o'erjoy'd he stood
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;
 And could not speak (tho he was willing)
 Would one have gi'n him Forty shilling.
 (g) At last his Friend jog'd him with's hand ;
 How like a Logger-head you stand !
 Quoth he, for certainly I think,
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy drink :
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd ?
 And all was well as heart can wish ;
 And yet thou stand' stas mute as Fish !
 (h) Scarce had he spoke, but off he threw
 His Mantle made of Mists so blew,
 And stood as plainly to be seen
 As any there. *God bless the Queen.*
 (i) For's Mother had so pizen'd him,
 That he shewld both neat and trim :

(g) Prior *Æneam* compellat *Achates*;
Nate dea, qui nunc animo sententia surgit ;
Omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos :
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
Submersum.

(h) *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente*
Scindit se nubes, & in aethera purgat apertum :
Restitit Æneas, claraque in luce refulsit,

(i) *Os humerosque Deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram*
Cæsariem nato genetrix lumenque juventa
Purpureum latos oculis afflarat honores ;

D

Though

Though (truly!) he was but an odd man,
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the god
 Yet could he not i'th' nick invent (Pan,

Her Majesty a Compliment: •

But scratch'd his head and gan to sputter,
 His elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,
 Mopping and mowing, till at last
 All difficulties over-past,

(k) In Courtly Phrase it thus came out;
 Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout:
 That same *Aeneas* whom you prize thus,
 Is here without *Deceptio Visus*:

I that same very man am here,
 And come to tast of your good chear:

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,
 Who only granted kind protection
 To wandring *Trojans*, how shall we
 E're pay thee for this Courtesie!
 We never can, my dainty Friend;
 Then let *gove* do't, and there's an end.

(k) Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente
Improvissus ait; Coram, quem quaeritis adsum
Troius Aeneas —

(l) O sola infandos Trojae miserata labores:
Qua nos, reliquias Danaum terraeque marisque
Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo socius. Grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostrae, Dido; nec quicquid ubique est
Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Dii tibi (siqua pios respectant numina, siquid
Usquam iustitiae est, & mens sibi conscia recti)
Praemia digna ferant; —

(m) Thus

(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And spoke to's men, says, Lads how is't?
Come give me every one a Fift;
How doest thou *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to see ye;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Than where we were a while ago,
No longer since than yesterday:
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say.
With that to shaking hands they fall,
And he most friendly shakes them all:
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have shak't'm better.

(n) Queen *Dido* ravish't to behold
The Carriage sweet of this Springold,
Star'd for a while, as she'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind unto him.

(o) O thou who hast so finely been bred,
And com'n art of such an honest Kindred,
By what strange luck hast thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have hurry'd,
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,
Th'ast been so bang'd about the Stoops.

(m) *Sic fatus; amicum*

*Ilionea petit dextra lævaque Sereftum;
Post alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

(n) *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
Casu deinde viri tanto; & sic ore locuta est;*

(o) *Quis te, nata dea, per tanta pericula casus
Insequitur! qua vis immanibus applicuit oris?*

D 2

(p) Art

(p) Art thou *Æneas* with th' great Ware
 So famous for a Cudgel player,
 Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices
 Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises* ?
 (q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*;
 (I think he had not many Sprucer)
 To take possession of an Island,
 That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.
 (r) And he still gave great commendations
 Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations ;
 He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
 And told me you and he were Cousins.
 (s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you
 Are welcome without more ado.
 I have my self (I'd have you know)
 Been driven to my shifts e'r now,
 And therefore in my Jurisdiction,
 Pity a Beast that's in affliction :
 (i) With that she stretched forth a Hand,
 So white, it made *Æneas* stand

p) Tunc ille *Æneas* quem *Dardanio Anchisæ*
Alma Venus Phrygiæ genuit *Simoentis* ad undam :

(q) Atque equidem *Tenorum* memini *Sidona venire*,
Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli ?

(r) Ipse hostis *Teucros* insigni laude ferrebat ;
 Seque ortum antiqua *Tenorum* a stirpe volebat,

(s) Quare agite, ô *teclis* juvenes succedite nostris.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores

Factatam, hæc demum voluit consistere nræ.
Non ignarâ mali miseris succurrere disco.

(i) Sic memorat ; simul *Æneam* in regia ducit
Tellæ ;

Amaz.d

Amaz'd to see't (for know that she
 Still washt her hands in Chamber-Lee)
 And led *Æneas* in kind fashion,
 Towards her Graces habitation;
 And made a Curtzy at the door.
 And pray'd him to go in before;
 But he most curteously cry'd no,
 I hope I'm better bred than so;
 But let him say what he say could,
Dido swore *Faith and Troth* he should:
 Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still,
 Women and Fools must have their will:
 And thereupon without more talking,
 Enters before her proudly stalking.
 Scarce were they got within the doors,
 But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
 And a great coyl and scoulding kept,
 Because the house was not clean swept:
 (a) Then all in hast away she sends
 Victuals unto *Æneas* Friends;
 Pease-porridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowse,
 O'th' very best she had i'th' house;
 Butter, and Curds and Cheeses plenty,
 To fill their Guts that were fully empty;
 Bidding them eat, and never save it,
 But call for more, and they should have it.

(a) *Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
 Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
 Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos.*

(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in;
 Into a Parlor neat she takes 'um:
 And there most fairly welcome makes 'um:
 She served 'um drink and victuals up,
 As long as they would eat or sup;
 Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton.
 That he was forced to unbutton.
 No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
 Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;
 But that *Æneas* strait begun,

* See *Servius* upon
Virgil

(c) All to-bethink him of his Son.
 * Now you must know that he had had
 A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.
 The Lads *Creusa* had no name,
 Whom (be it spoken to their shame)
 The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy City*,
 Did thrust to death, without all pity:
 First of that Sex sure in fair jussing,
 That ever suffer'd death by thrusting.

(d) His Son *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
 About some dozen years of Age,
 This Boy *Æneas* sent *Achates*
 To fetch; quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,
 Why should not now my little Bastard,
 (That I dare swear would prove no Dastard)

(b) *At domus interior regali splendida luxu
 Instruitur: mediisque parant convivia testis.*

(c) *Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis.*

(d) *Æneas rapidum ad naves præmittit Achatem
 Ascanio ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat.*

Come to Queen *Dido's* house and Feast,
 As we have done o'th' very best?
 Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring's
 Out of my Coffer, those gay things
 I fav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineness
 He shall present unto your Highness.
 There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
 Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,
 Which *Hellen* wore, the very day
 That *Paris* stole her quite away.

(f) Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,
 That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
 For carved Works fit to be seen,
 Betwixt the legs of any Queen.
 And then there is a fair great Ruff,
 Made of a pure and costly Stuff.
 To wear about her Highness neck,
 Like Mrs *Cockaneys* in the *Peak*;
 And last, a Quoif, wrought gorgeously
 With Tinsel, and *Blew Coventry*:
 Then go as fast as th' canst, I prethee,
 And bring him and these Presents with thee,

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis
 Ferre jubet, pallam signis, auroque rigentem,
 Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,
 Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,
 Pergam eam peteret, inconcessosque Hymeneos
 Extulerat* ———

(f) *Præterea sceptum, Ilione quod gesserat olim
 Maxima natarum Priami, Colloque monile
 Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroque coronam:*

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast as if h'had ridden;
But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame,
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.

(h) She had no very good Opinion
Of your so smooth'd-tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courtesie,

(i) And she was sure that *Juno* would
Do all the mischief that she could;
Therefore she in all haste did run
To a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

This *Cupid* was a little Tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny;
No bigger than a good *Points Tag*;
But yet a vile unhappy Wag.
He ne'r would go to School, but play
The Truant every other day:
Run Men into the Breech with Pins,
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their shins;
Kill Peoples Hens, and Steal their Chicks,
And do a Thousand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breech Elf
Would shoot like *Robin-Hood* himself;
And had, I warrant, every dart,
Poyson'd with such a subtle art,

(g) *Hac celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates.
At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat.*

Confulea ———

(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque balingues*

(i) *Urit atrox Juno* ———

Tha

That where they hit their power was so,
It made Folks love, would they or no.

And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
Was call'd *The God of Love* forsooth.

To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)

Told you before, and thus begun

To flatter up her Graceless Son;

(k) My Goldy Locks, (quoth she) my Joy,

My pretty little tyny Boy :

Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee

T'implore thy little Deity.

(l) Thou know'st as well as any other,

How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,

Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,

She made to drown him on the water;

Nay she would do more mischief still,

If the curst Quean might have her will.

(m) *Æneas* now is at a place,

Call'd *Carthage*, with a handfom Lass,

Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is

Made on as much, as heart can wish ;

(n) But lest the Queen should change her mind

As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

(k) *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia, solus*

Gnate patris summi qui tela Typhoea temnis;

Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.

(l) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*

Littora jacteur, odiis Junonis iniquæ,

Nota tibi —————

(n) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*

Reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet;

And

And through *Juno's* Wiles at last,
 Shew him a Woman's slipp'ry cast :
 My pretty Archer, let us two
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do,
 My Son *Æneas* does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
 My little Grandchild, who must come,
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-Room.
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,
 And that thou canst so well cut Faces :
 (o. p.) I would have thee to set thy *Phys-*
Nomy in such a shape as his :
 And go along as meek and mild ,
 As any little sucking Child.
 When thou com'st here, I know the Queen
 Will clip, and kiss thee Cheek, and Chin ;
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raifons ;
 Then must thou play thy Petty-Treafons,
 Lick her Lips, flatter her, and Cog,
 And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
 That Fame, and honour she may go by,
 And let *Æneas* firk her Toby

(o) ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido*
Pro dulci Ascanio veriat.

(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam*
Falle doli, & notos pueri pater indue vultus.
Ut cum te gremio accipiet latissima Dido,
Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyæum.
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque veneno.

(q) This

(g) This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,
 I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset.
 And when he's fast, I will him hide
 Ith' top o'th' Garret upon *Idæ*,

(a) *Cupid* who Mischief lov'd I think,
 Better by half than Meat or Drink,
 Without all manner of Reply,
 Prepares him for his Roguery.

His Wings he from his shoulders throws,
 Because they'd not go into's Clothes.
 And drest himself to such a wonder,
 That none could know the Lads asunder,

(b) But *Venus* gave th'other a Sop,
 That made him sleep like any Top;
 And whil't he taking was a Nap,
 She laid him neatly in her Lap.

And carried him to a House that stood
 Upon an Hill in an old Wood:
 And when she had the Urchin there,
 She laid him up in *Lavender*.

(e) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes
 To th' Court in young *Iulus* Clothes;

(g) *Hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera
 Aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,*

(a) *Paret amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas
 Exiit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.*

(b) *An Venus Alcanio placidam per membra quietem
 Irrigat, & totum gremio dea tollit in altos
 Idaliæ lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
 Floribus. & dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.*

(c) *Jamque ibat dicto pavens.* —————

(d) Who

(d) Who should he see when he came there,
 But *Dido* sitting in a Chair,
 Ith' midst of all her *Trojan* Blades,
 Vapring and sweating at her Maids!
 Under her Feet a Cricket stood,
 Whereou she stamp't as she were wood,
 And likewise there was finely put
 A Cushion underneath her Scut.
 There as she sat upon her Crupper,
 (c) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
 And in they brought a thundring Meal,
 Great Joints, of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
 Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Custards
 And at the last, Fools, Flawns, and Bustards:
 The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,
 Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer
 There was old drinking, and old singing,
 And all the while, the Bell was ringing:
 One would have thought by the great Feast,
 'T had been a Wedding at the least.

(d) *Cum venit, aulæis jam se regina superbis
 Aurea composuit sponda, mediamque locavit.
 Jam pater Æneas & jam Trojana juventus
 Conveniunt; stratoque super discumbitur ostro.*
 (e) *Quinquaginta intas famula, quibus ordine longo
 Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere penates.
 Centum alia, totidemque pares ætate ministri,
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, & pecula ponant*

Whilst

Whilst thus they eat, and drink, and chat,

(f) *Cupid* that little cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.

At last *Queen Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mounte-banking Ape,
And kist his Lips all of a Lather,
Then thus bespeaks the new made Father.

By th' Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
Thou got's this Boy when thou wert lusty ;
And any one that does but note him,

May soon know who it was begot him ;
I dare be sworn 'twas thou didst get him,
He's e'n as like thee as th' hadst spit him,

(g) Whilst thus the Youth she kist and dandl'd,
Cupid had so the matter handl'd,

That she began upon a sudden
To feel a longing for white Pudden.

(h) When they had sup't, and that the Waiters
Had Trenches ta'n away, and Platters ;

(f) *Ille ubi complexu Ænea, colleque pependit,
Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit ; hac oculis, hac pectore toto
Hæret : & interdum gremio fovet inscia Dido,
Insideat quantus misera deus, ———*

———(g) *At memor ille
Matris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, & virvo tentat pravertere amore
Jampridem refides animos ———*

(h) *Postquam prima quies epulis, mensæque remota,
Crateras magnos statuunt, & vina coronant,*

(i) *Up*

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,
 And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts
 Of drink, that she with much forbearing,
 Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing:
 And thus begins, Sir, here's to you,
 And from my heart much good may do you :

(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee:
 To——and to good Company ;
 And he that will not pledge me fairly,
 And name the words as I do barely ;
 I do pronounce to be no Man,
 And may he never tickle a Woman.

(l) With that she fet it to her Nose,
 And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;
 No drops besides her Muzzle falling,
 Until that she had supt it all in.

* *Alias*
Kelty.

Then turning 't **Topsey* one her Thumb,
 Sayes, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.
Æneas, as the Story tells,
 And all the rest did blest themselves,
 To see her troll off such a Pitcher,
 And yet to have her face no richer.
 By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles
 I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles :

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auroque poposcit
 Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus & omnes
 A Belo soliti——*

(k) *Adsis lætitiæ Bacchus dator & bona Juno:
 Et vos ô cætum Tyrii celebrate faventes,*

(l) *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem:
 Primaque libato summa tenus attigit ore.*

But

But Madam (says he) sweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * plowing :
For if you do at this large rate,
There will be many an aking Pate ;

* Ending
one, and
Beginning
another.

(m) With that he took a lusty Swimmer,
Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
In kind return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido's* best affections.

(n) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell

(o) Whilst a blind Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,
A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight,
Who plaid and sung to 'um all night ;
He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches ;
With ancient Songs of high Renown,
And even one they call *Troy-Town* :
At that *Æneas* shak'd his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle ;
(Quoth he) If he that wrote this Ditty
Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,
When Faggot-Sticks flew in Folks Chops,
And knockt Men down as thick as Hops,
I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had small mind of *Rhiming* :

——(m) *Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.*

(n) *Post alii procures ;* ——

——(o) *Cithara crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam.*

Yet

Yet for to give the Devil his due,
Who e're it was, the Ballad's true.

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did flie
'Tis thought she meant it for a Sigh,
And Tears ran down her fair long Nose;
The Queen was *Maudlin* I suppose.

(q) (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jestings,
Thou needs must tell at my Requesting,
All the whole Tail of *Troy's* condition,
Since first you troubled were with *Grecian*;
Hector's great Fights, and *Priam's* Speeches,
And eke describe *Achilles* Breeches,
How strong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tydidēs* Horse were dapple.
Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,
And how you lost your Goods and Chattles
And to what places you have wander'd
E'r since you were so basely squander'd.
All these Things would I know most dully,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem;*

(q) *Multa super Priamo rogatans, super Hectore multa,*

Nunc quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis;

Nunc quales Diomedis equi nunc quantus Achilles:

Imo age, & a prima dic hospes origine nobis;

Insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum,

Erroresque tuos, —

FINIS.

Scarronnides,

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A MOCK-POEM,

In imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS

In English Burlesque.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's
Church-yard. 1700.

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VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) **I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,
 That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;
 Much taken with the *Trojan's* person,
 Than which a properer was scarce one:
 Much of his breeding did she reckon,
 But that which stab'd her was his weapon,
 For which she did so scald and burn.
 That none but he could serve her turn.

(b) The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow
 With frizled locks of fanded yellow,

(a) *At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
 Vulnus alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni.
 Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurvat
 Gentis honos, haerent infixi pectore vultus,
 Verbaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*

(b) *Postera Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras,
 Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram,
 Cum sic unanimum alloquitur malesana sororem.*

The windows crept by radiation,
 Like Son begot in fornication,
 When *Dido* mad to go to Man,
 Just thus bespake her Sister *Nan*,
 (c) I've been all night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,
 So strangely troubled in my fancy,
 I could no rest till Morning-peep,
 Odd dreams have so disturb'd my sleep :
 (d) What a itout Stripling's this *Aeneas*,
 That thus has crost the Seas to see us !
 I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,
 No mortal Woman ever bore him :
 (e) But some great Lady in the Skie,
 That Nurs'd him up with Furmitie.
 I hate a base cowardly Drone,
 Worse than a Rigil with one Stone :
 But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
 (f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting !
 I tell thee *Nancy* wer't not that
 Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
 Should I so soon new Suiters have,
 (g) My husband yet scarce cold in's grave ;

(c) *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent ?*

(d) *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?*

Quem sese ore ferens ! quàm forti pectore & armis :

(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*

Degeneres animos timor arguit.

——(f) *Heu ! quibus ille*

Factatus furis ! Qui bella exhausta canebat !

(g) *Ne cui me vinco possum sociare jugali,*

Postquam primus amor, &c.

Si non pertasum thalami tædæque fuisset,

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpa.

And

And were I not with my firſt Honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony ;
I could with this ſame Youngſter tall,
Find in my heart to try a fall.

(b) I muſt confeſs that ſad ſeaſon,
Pygmalion cut my husband's weazon :
This only (not to mince the matter)
Has made my Jiggambob to water,

(i) But may I firſt, I *Jove* implore,
Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellar's bottom,
E'er I commit the thing you wot on ;
Or any thing by Luſt's ſuggeſtion,

(k) That my good name may bring in queſtion.

(l) Which ſaid, ſhe wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for loſing Sampler.

Nan in her answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her tongue
She was, (as ſome would ſay that knew her,
As was in that, or next Town to her.)

(m) O Siſter dearer to me far,
Than Sun-ſhine days in harveſt are :

(h) *Anna* (*fatebor enim*) *miſeri poſt fata Sychæi*
Conjugis ; & ſparſos fraterna cade penates,
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumque labantem
Impulit ; agnoſco veteris veſtigia flamma.

(i) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,*
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me——

(k) *Ante pudor quam te violẽm aut tua jura reſolvam :*

(l) *Sic effata, ſinum lachrymis implebat abortis,*

(m) *Anna reſert——*

O luce magis dicta ſorori,

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman Wood,
 Still stop the current of thy blood,
 And lose the time by vain pretences
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenchés ?
 Wilt thou cut Faces evermore
 For Husband dead, as Nail in dore ?
 Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,
 (o) That dead Folks care for whimpering ?
 (p) Yield, and be naught at last ; Y^s have plaid
 The Fool too long, here be it said,
 And stood too much in your own light,
 Or long enough ago, you might
 (q) Have match't your self, and that well too,
 To rich and proper Men enow.
 What though you have said many nay,
 Yea, and burnt day-light, as we say,
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
 And others of good Yeomanry ;
 That might have past ; because forsooth
 They could not please your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetua mærens carpere iuventa ?*
Nec dulces natos Veneris nec præmia noris ?
 (o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos ?*
 (p) *Esto ; ægram nulli quondam flexere mariti ;*
 (q) *Non Libyæ, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,*
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit, &c.

(r) Must

(r) Muſt you ſtill mince it at this rate,
With one you twitter to be at ?
Yon ne're conſider what a throng
Of ſaucy Knaves you live among.
Baſe ill-bred cheating ſurly Currs,
Raſcals as falſe as Moor-Landers.
Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this fooliſh twittle twattle,
To match with one will tent your Cattle ;
Will in ſhort ſpace not leave a Goole,
Turky, nor Hen, about the Houſe :

(s) Your Brother too, he ſwears and curſes
About his Mony-Bags and Purſes.

(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful Friends
For ſome moſt ſecret courteous ends.
Over blew *Neptune's* bouncing Ferries,
Have hither ſent theſe *Trojans* Wherries.

Oh, were theſe *Trojans* marry'd to us,
How oft, and ably would they do us !

—(r) *Placitone etiam pugnabis amori ?*
N n venit in mentem, quorum confederis arvis ?
Hinc Getula urbes genus in ſuperabile bello,
Et Numida infrani cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis
Hinc ———

Barcai ———

(s) *Germanique minas* ———

(t) *Diis equidem auspiciis reor, & Junone ſecunda*
Huc curſum Iliacas vento tenuiſſe cavinās.

- (u) What a fine Town would ours be then,
 How bravely stor'd with lusty Men!
 Then without any more ado,
 Sister say Grace, and so fall to:
 They in good manners ten to one,
 Will make an offer to be gone;
 And rather trust their rotten Barges,
 Than stay to put you to more charges:
 (*) But you may make 'um at command,
 As easily stay as kiss your hand.
 (x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather
 'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)
 Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,
 That they must mend 'um e'er they go;
 And in conclusion, with good reason
 Wish 'um t' expect a better season.
 (y) With such like documents as these are,
 Which the young Slut knew best would please her,
 Nancy so tickled up her Grace,
 That Dido scarce knew where she was.
 Nay some affirm a dangerous matter,
 She had much ado to hold her water:

-
- (u) *Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes! quæ surgere regna
 Conjugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
 Punica se tantis attollet gloria rebus!*
 (*) *Tu modo———*
Indulge hospitio causasque inesse morandi,
 (x) *Dum pelago desævet hyems, & aquosus Orion
 Quassatæque rates, nondum tractabile cælum.*
 (y) *His diâis incensum animum inflammavit amore,
 Spemque dedit dubæ———*

And

And counsel'd in that tempting strain,
 I wonder how she could contain :
 But certain 'tis, that this advice
 So wrought upon this Widow nice,
 That she, who Maid, Widow and Wife,
 Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life ;
 (z) Now car'd no more for her good Name,
 Than any common Trading Dame.

(a) But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
 That matters might go better on,
 (Like People o'th' Phanatick fry,
 Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisie)
 They must, and slipping on their Pattens,
 They went, as who should say to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats
 Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats :
 For you must know, as Story says,
 Queens, like the godly in these days,
 In manner insolent and flighty,
 Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
 But *Anna*, who was but a Spinster,
 Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are !
 Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
 To this, and t' other God and Goddes,
 (b) To *Ceres*, *Phæbus* and *Lyæus*,
 And twenty harder names than * *The*, as.

* A figure
 so new, that
 modern Au-
 thors have
 yet no name
 for it.

(z) *Menti solvitque pudorem.*

(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt.*

(b) *Legifera Cereri, Phœboque, patrique Lyæo :*

(c) But

(c) But *Junio* had most veneration,
 As she Was Queen of Copulation.
 Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,
 And to the Priest demurely goes ;
 She gently pulls him by the garment,
 The reverend Type of his preferment,
 And with most gracious looks and speeches,
 To borrow a word or two beseeches.
 The Priest bow'd low in aukward wise,
 As 'tis you know Sir *Roger's* guise,
 And in obsequious manner told her,
 Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clark,
 In mysteries profound and dark ;

(*) Had skill in *Phyick*, and was able
 To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
 Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
 With all the cunning that she has,
 Greases his Fift ; nay more, engages
 Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
 If he would but resolve the doubt
 That she then came to him about.
 But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,
 Or to instruct, or to advise her.

(d) Alas, Poor Priest! how fruitless is't
 To judg by *Phys'snomy* or Fift.

(c) *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia cura.
 Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.*

—(*) *Spirantia consulit exta.*

(d) *Heu vatum ignara mentes, quid vota furentem,
 Quid Delubra juvant? est mollis flamma medullas
 Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have whisk a i'th' Tail?

(e) *Dido* for love in woful wife,
Bubbels, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenfes,
Even like one out of her senses:
About the Town she runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her heels.

So I have seen in Pastures fair,
Where Cattle educated are,
(f) An Heifer young when she doth itch,
With *Gad-breeze* sticking in her breech,
From shady Brake on sudden rise,
And with her Tail erect to th' skies,
(g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks,
In various, capreols and tricks,
Some ease, poor thing, alas to find;
(h) When lo, the Sting sticks fast behind:
One while she takes her (i) lusty Lover,
Meaning her passion to discover;
She leads him out from place to place,
And shews him all that e'r she has;
Discloses all her secret wealth,
And says, if *Jove* send life and health,

(e) *Uritur infelix Dido totaque vagatur
Urbe furens*

— (f) *Qualis coniecta cerva sagitta.
Quam procul, &c.*

— (g) *Illa fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat.*

— (h) *Hæret lateri letalis arundo.*

(i) *Nunc media Æneam secum per mœnia ducit:
Sidoniaeque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.*

That

That she (though simply there she stand)
 Will make that Living as good Land,
 If she continue but a while on't,
 As any lies within five mile on't.
 Then she (k) begins to mump and smatter,
 Willing to break into the matter,

And ask the question, when (alas)
 To see how things will come to pass,
 When she most fain would break her mind,
 She sooner could by half break wind,
 Then speak a word: Virtue forsooth,
 And Modesty so stopt her mouth;
 (l) Over and over then she treats
 Him, and his Mates, with sundry meats,
 Whil'st *Trojans* round besiege her boards,
 Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords,
 When sure as e'er they sit at the Table,
 (m) She calls again to hear *Troy's* Fable:
 Nay lov'd it so, that she'tis said,
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.
 (n) Now when with raking up the fire
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire*:

(k) *Incipit affari, mediaque in voce resistit,*

(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia querit:*

(m) *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
 Exposcit pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.*

(n) *Post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim
 Luna premit; suadentque cadentia sidera somnos:*

And pillows all securely snort on,
 Like Organists of fain'd *Hogs-Norton*;
 (o) *Dido*, poor Queen alone doth lye,
 Dreaming on true Love's *Phys'nomy*:
 And in that humour she the small
 (p) *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal*;
 And in her lap one tuft of Sorrel,
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
 Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,
O that he were but like his Dad!

This life the woful *Dido* led,
 Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,
 (q) Her Housewifery no more regarding,
 Neither her spinning nor her carding;
 But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
 Let all things go at six and seven.
 Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind cheeks blinder,
 She threw all care and shame behind her:

(o) *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis*
Incubat——

(p) *Aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.

(q) *Non cæptæ assurgunt turres, non arma juventus*
Exercet portusve aut propugnacula bello

Tuta parant; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes; æquataque machina cælo,

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri

Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori;

Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia diâis:

She

She *Venus* in these words accosts,
 (r) You and your Son may make your boasts,
 With shame enough, that god and goddels,
 Like sublunary Busie-bodies,
 To make a Woman light as Feather,
 Do lay your learned heads together.
 (s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
 Afraid of you two coming hither :
 You, and your little blinking Urchin
 Against this Town have still been lurching.
 (t) But when shall we give o're this pother,
 And leave off vexing one another ?
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
 (u) Let's marry 'um, and there's an end.
 Thou hast thy wish, thy little Archer
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.
 Then let us all old quarrels quit,
 Leave being such a peevish Tit:
 (x) *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,
 And we will be as merry as passes.

(r) *Tuque puerque tuus : magnum & memorabile nomen,
 Una dolo divum si fœmina vîsta duorum est.*

(s) *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carchaginis alta.*

(t) *Sed quis erit modus ? aut quo nunc certamine tanto ?*

(u) *Quin potius pacem aternam, pactosque Hymenæos
 Exercemus ; habes tota quod mente petisti.*

*Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem :
 Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque rogamus
 Auspiciis——*

——(x) *liceat Phrygio servire marito.
 Dotalesque tuæ Tyrios permittere dextra.*

(y) *Venus*

(y) *Venus* who knew she did but glaver,
 For all the fine smooth words she gave her,
 And proffer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,
 (You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,
 (z) Like cuning Quean in smiles array'd her,
 And in her own Coin thus she paid her.

O *Juno* Queen, *Joves* Bedfellow,
 Who here above, or who below,

(a) With thee would quarrel or contend,
 And not still rest thy loving Friend?

I like the motion well, but that

(b) There's one main thing I stumble at;
 And that in downright truth is this,

(*Jove* pardon if I think amiss,)

I am afraid (this doubt I put ye
 Indeed-law now is something smutty)

But I the scruple must not smother;

Women you know, to one another

May freely speak (here be't said

'Twixt you and me) I'me fore afraid,

My Son's so big (which rarely falls)

About his——, and Genitals,

That I am half afraid lest he

Should chance to spoil her Majesty.

(y) *Olli* (*sensit enim simulata mente locutam*)

(z) *Sic contra est ingressa Venus*——

——(a) *Quis talia demens*

Abnuat? aut tecum malis contendere bello?

(b) *Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur;*

Sed fatis incerta feror; Si Jupiter unam

Esse velis——

(c) *At*

(c) At that Queen *Juno* smil'd and said,
 Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
 For if they once do come together,
 He'll find that *Dido's* reaching leather:
 If then that *Dido* and thy Son,
 To do as other Folks have done,
 (d) Thou give consent: (mark) and in few words
 Which shall be friendly words and true words;
 I'll tell the how I've cast about,
 And laid a Plot to bring 'um to't,
 (e) To morrow'er the Sun (Heaven blefs him)
 Can see to rise, at least to dress him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
 (The Queen and he I should have said)
 A match to go after her wonting,
 Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting:
 Now I, whil't all on every side,
 The Thickets round are occupi'd,
 And eagerly their Game are following
 As Hunters use whooping and hollowing:
 (f) Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour
 Upon their Coxcombs such a shower,

(c) *Quam sic excepit Regia Juno*
Mecum erit iste labor:

(d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,*
Conferi possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.

(e) *Venatum Æneas, unaque miserrima Dido*
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.

(f) *His ego nigram commista grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, saltusque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam—

And

And will with rain and hail so clout 'um,
They't not have one dry thred about 'um.

(g) Besides such thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of them shall smell the worse for't.

(b) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for shelter.

Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.

(i) *Dido* and *Dildo* in this case,

Shall find a Cave as fit a place

For such an use, so fine and dark,

That if *Æneas* be a Spark,

They there in spight of all foul weather,

May take a gentle touch together

So each of other may have proof;

(k) And marry after time enough.

Venus who very well could fathom

The bottom of this subtle Madam,

Soon smelt her practice, and her art

As strong as she had let a fart:

Yet that she might her malice blind,

And fit the Lady in her kind,

(l) Shee seems her free consent to give,

And trips it, laughing in her sleeve.

——(g) *Et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*

(h) *Diffugient comites, & nocte regentur opaca.*

(i) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eundem*
Deveniant: adero, & tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.

(k)——*stabuli propriamque dicabo:*

Hic Hymeneus erit——

——(l) *Non adversata petenti*

Annuat, atque dolis risit Cytheræa repertis.

F

(m) Mean

* A very
necessary
Instrument
in Squirrel-
hunting.

(m) Mean while the Sun as it is his course is,
Got up to dress and water's Horses;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum *,
Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budge else,
Well arm'd they were (n) with staves and
cudgels;

Tykes too they had of all sorts, (o) Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs,
(p) These for the Queen expecting tarry,
Wholonger lay than ordinary;
For she at Night could take no ease,
She had been bit so sore with Fleas.

(q) Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning,
Ty'd to the Pales stood likewise whinnying;
For why (as Poets sing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.

(r) At last she sallies from the House,
As fine and brisk as Body-louse.

(s) She Hood and Safe-guard had bran new,
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blew:

(m) *Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit:*

It portis jubare exerto delecta juventus:

Retia rara, plagæ ———

———(n) *Latæ venabula ferro,*

———(o) *Et odora canum vis.*

(p) *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, & limina primi
Pænorum expectant.*

———(q) *Ostroque insignis & auro
Stat sonipes, ac fræna ferox ipumantia mandit.*

(r) *Tandem progreditur* ———

(s) *Sydoniam picto chlamydem circumdata lybo,*

Fast

aft to her Girdle, ty'd with Thong,
 (y) A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung :
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
 That Servants still have slippery been :
 Which made her careful of her pelf,
 Wherefore keep her Keys her self.
 (y) With her *Iulus* came, that Stripling,
 Youth e'n spoil'd for want of Whipping ;
 For's Father and his foolish Grannam
 Had ever made a Wanton on him :
 (x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
 Mounted upon his Galloway,
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,
 The rest look't like Tooth-drawers to him :
 (y) No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
 That just upon Preferment prick is,
 (z) As was *Æneas*, Stories say,
 When clad in Cloath of Holy-day.
 His Breeches sav'd from *Troy's* combustion,
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;

(y) Cui phævra ex auro——

— aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

(u) & latus *Iulus*,

(x) ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes

— infert se socium *Æneas*——

(y) Qualis ubi hybernâ Lyciam Xanthique fluenta

— ferit, ac Delum maternum invisit Apollo,

— iustauraque choros :——

(z) Mollique fluentem

— rinde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro :

— Haud illo segnior ibat

— *Æneas*, tantam egregio decus emitet ore.

Pinkt with most admirable grace,
 And richly laid with green silk lace.
 (a) Athwart his brawny shoulders came
 A Bauldrick made, and trim'd with th' same;
 Where Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt:
 Or guilty else of many a thwack,
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his back.
 Upon his head he wore a hat,
 Instead of Sattin fac'd with fat,
 Which being limber grown, we find
 Most swashingly pinn'd up behind;
 With brooch as gawdy and as tall
 As every foremost horse of all.

In best apparel thus array'd,
 They now begin their Cavalcade
 Towards the Woods, (b) where being e'r long
 Arriv'd, (for 'twas not past a Furlong
 From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
 And let who has been there confute it)
 They every way disperse themselves,
 To watch the little nimble Elves;
 As who should say, Come this, or that way,
 To other or any way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
 And all the People fall a shouting,
 Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,
 A Man could hardly hear for noise;

(a) *Tela sonant humeris* —

(b) *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia saxa,
 Ecce fera saxi dejecta vertice* —

May *Dido* Queen they swore that heard it,
 shouted as loud as any there did.

(c) The frighted Squirrels stumps belabor
 they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;
 skipping and leaping in their Dances
 from Tree to Tree o'r boughs and branches,
 now on the utmost top, and then,
 one leap at the root again.

(d) But young *Ascanius*, hopes o'th' house,
 wou'd not for Squirreling a Louse;
 he hes, whilst they are at the Chase,
 playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Base*;
 among his Mates, and wishes rather,
 had so the Strippling told his Father)
 a naughty Vermin, that would bite him,
 a throstle neast, thouh't did —

(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
 to pour down whole pails of Water,

Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes
 smittunt cursu campos, atque agmina (cervi)
 perulenta fuga, glomerant, montemque relinquunt.
 At puer *Ascanius* mediis in vallibus acri
 det equo, jamque hos cursu, jam praterit illos:
 mantemque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
 aut aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem,
 Interea magno misceri murmure cælum
 pit;

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
 (f) And Hail-stones bigger than one's Thumb,
 Came pelting down. Then all to save 'um,
 Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um,
 Whilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates,
 Were washt and dasht like Water-rats.
 Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops
 Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
 And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,
 For fear of being wet to th' skin;
 Nay ev'n *Æneas* self, forgetting
 His Reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,
 And ran, or would have done at least,
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
 Proceeded slow, with motion grave,
 And crav'd the Spur, in care to save
 His Master's Neck, as some suppose,
 Though his care was to save his Cloaths.
 He spur'd; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
 For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
 (g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
 Clapt 'um into a Cave together.
 The Cave so darksome was, that I do
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:

(f) *Insequitur commista grandine nimbus.*
Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juventus,
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
Testa metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
 —fulces ignes—

(g) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem*
Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
Dant signum—

But so it was, in that hole they
 Grew intimate, as one may say :
 The Queen was blithe, as Bird in Tree,
 And bill'd as wantonly, while he
 (b) By hinlock seeking fast occasion,
 Slipt into *Dido's* conversation :
 And in that very place and season,
 'Tis thought *Æneas* did her reason.
 (i) This sport of Mischief much was cause,
 For sweet meat will have sowre sauce ;
 And they their time in Cave so spending,
 Beginning was of *Dido's* ending.
 Her Majesty now no more nice is ;
 (k) Nor seeks she now by fine devices
 To hide her shame, but leads a Life,
 As if they had been (l) Man and Wife.
 (m) At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out
 To all the good Towns round about.
 This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,
 That Whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,

————(h) *Conscius æther*

Conjugii————

(i) *Illā dies primus lethi, primusque malorum
 Causa fuit*————

————(k) *Neque enim specie famæ movetur.
 Nec jam furtivum Dido mediatur amorem.*

(l) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

(m) *Exemplo Lybiæ magnas it fama per urbes :
 Fama*————

- (n) A little prating Slut, no higher,
 When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,
 Than this—— But in a few Years space
 Grown up a lusty strapping Lads.
 A long and lazy Quean I ween,
 She was, brought up to sow, nor spin,
 Nor any kind of housewifery,
 To get an honest living by ;
 (o) But faunted idly up and down,
 From House to House, and Town to Town,
 To spie and listen after News,
 Which she so mischievously brews,
 That still what e'r she sees or hears,
 Sets Folks together by the ears.
 (p) This Baggage that still took a pride to
 Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido* ;
 Because the Queen once on detection,
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.
 (q) Glad she had got this tale by th'end,
 Runs me about to Foe and Friend ;

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras ;
 Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit,
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*

——(o) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicious alis ;
 Cui tot vigiles oculi——*

Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.

(p) *Monstrum horrendum, ingens——*

(q) *Hac tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,
 Gaudens——*

(r) And

(r) And tells 'um that a fellow came
 From Troy, or such a kind of Name,
 To Tyre, about a fortnight since,
 Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince :
 Was with her always, Day and Night,
 Nor could endure him from her sight,
 And that 'twas thought she meant to marry
 him,

(s) At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd
 carrion !

(t) At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,

(u) She never in such things was slow;
 And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
 For *Dido*'s love was in a hard case,
 And had been long. Oft did he wo her,
 And did the best he could do to her :
 But still in vain he broke his Mind,
 'Twas throwing stones against the wind;
 For though she wise and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.

'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
 Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;

(r) *Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum ;
 Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.*

*Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
 Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.*

(s) *Hæc passim dea fœda virum diffundit in ora.*

(t) *Protinus at regem cursus de torquet Iarbam :*

(u) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*

Hic Ammone satus—

Centum aras posuit—

—Pecudumque cruore

Pingue solum & variis florentia limina certis.

With

With Money store, and other Riches :
 But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches
 Spoil'd all; for she had heard the thing;
 One time as she was Gossiping :
 As in such matters, while you live,
 Women will be inquisitive :
 Which was, that he (as Story tells)
 A Rupture had in's Testicles.
 Which was enough to make her hate him,
 Nay even as 'twere abominate him.
 When Fame had told him of the *Trojan*,
 (y) *Iarbas* took it in such dudgeon,
 Such high abuse, and evil part,
 He almost could have found in's heart
 T'ave tane his Knife, and in that Passion
 Whipt off his Tools of Generation,
 And thought t'ave don't; but did not yet,
 Like one that had in's anger wit :
 But since to curse it was no boot,
 Would try, if praying would not do't.
 (z) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
 Made his Case known to *Jupiter*.
 (a) O *Jupiter* most great and able,
 Whose health I every day at Table
 Drink once or twice ! Dost thou (O where is
 Thy fight !) not see, what doings here is !

(y) *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro.*

(z) *Dicitur ante aras——*

Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis :

(a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maursia pi&is
 Gens epulata toris Len&um libat honorem,
 Aspicias hec ? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,
 Nequ&quam horremus ?*

(b) *Shall*

(b) Shall we when thou thunderst, dost think,
So as to sowre all our Drink ;

And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst?

(c) A wandring Woman that had scarce
A Rag to hang upon her ———

When she came hither first; and wou'd
Have then been glad to ——— for food.

Is now forsooth, so proud (what else !)
And stands so on her pantables,

(d) That she has said me nay most slightly,
And (on the very nonce to spite me)

Has marry'd a spruce Youth they say,
(Whom some ill Wind blew that away)

One Squire *Æneas*, that great Kelf,
Some wandring hangman like her self:

(e) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Thunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,

Whilst I (for still thou deafish art to't)

May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

————(b) *Cœique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos————

————*Et inania murmura miscent :*

(c) *Femina, quæ nostris errant in sinibus*————

————(d) *Connubia nostra*

Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

(e) *Et nunc ille Paris*————

————*Rapto potitur ; nos munera templis*

Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

(f) Thus

- (f) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd,
 Whilst *Jove* heard every word he said;
 And turning straight his Eyes to *Tyre*,
 To look for *Dido*, and her Squire,
 All in a Chamber finely matted,
 He very fairly spy'd 'um at it.
 At which, as 'twere, somewhat in fury,
 He calls his nimble youth *Mercury*,
 (g) And thus bespake him; Sirrah, hear ye,
 Put on the wings that use to bear ye,
 And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
 Where th' *Trojan* does with the great — lie.
 (h) Tell him from me, that his smug Mother
 Did pass her word that he another
 Manner of life and conversation
 Should lead, and leave this occupation.
 (i) Or twice the Grecian Cavaleers
 Had beaten's brains about his ears,

-
- (f) *Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens; oculosque ad mœnia torsit
Regia, & oblitos fama melioris amantes.
 (g) *Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
Exspectat——
Alloquere, & celeres, defer mea dicta per aurat.
 (h) *Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem*
Promisit——
 ——(i) *Gravumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

Er this : and telling him more (*) that he,
 Who means to conquer *Italy*,
 Must with his work go thorow stiches,
 And not run hunting after Bitches :
 (k) But if he will not venture's Pate,
 A rap or two for an Estate,
 As by his pranks it doth appear,
 (l) Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir,
 (m) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
 To spend his time thus among Queans ;
 Not minding mischiefs, or mishaps,
 Nor fearing *Dido's* after-claps.
 (n) Bid him be trudging he were best ;
 If I come to him, I protest,
 I'll send him packing else such new-ways,
 He shall remember me these two days,
 (o) This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
 Away he trips it in a trice,

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem
 Italiam regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucris*

Proderet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem :

(k) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem.*

(l) *Alcanione pater Romanas invidit arces,
 Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*

(m) *Quid struit ? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*

(n) *Naviget : hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto,*

(o) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio*————

(p) To make him ready to be gone:
 And first his Pumps he fastned on;
 Which being neatly pinkt and cut,
 And finely fitted to his foot:
 Had wings ty'd on with thongs of leather,
 Or taching ends, I know not whether,
 Which he could flie withal as well,
 As he'd been brought up to't from th' shell.
 (q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat,
 With which he used to play at Kit-Cat?
 To beat Mens Apples from their Trees,
 With Twenty other Rogueries;
 Besides (as Rakehells will abuse days)
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.

(r) Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,
 Cutting the air with nimble wings:
 'Twas well his care had ty'd 'um fast,
 Else ten to one he'd flown his last:
 No Swallow could have overgone him,
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
 Until he saw a very high hill,
 A higher hill by far than my hill;

(p) *Et primum pedibus tellaria nectit
 Aurea: quæ sublimem alis sive æquora supra,
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*

(q) *Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco.
 Pallentes, alias sub tristitia Tartara mittit,
 Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.*

(r) *Illæ fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat
 Nubila*

(s) *Atlas*

(s) *Atlas* 'twas call'd; so high a one
That *Pen-men-maure's* a Cherry Stone
Compar'd : You could not thrust a Knife
'Twixt Heaven and it, to save your ~~life~~ *wife*;

life

(t) It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,
Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks :

(u) Here first did *Mercury* alight,
To bait and rest him after's flight;
Where having prun'd his heels a little,
And smooth'd his Plumes with * fasting spittle,

* 'Tis con-
ceived he
did that
before he
baited.

(x) From thence he took another freak,
As if he meant to break his Neck.

(y) Even as a Hawk her self doth carry
From Kill-ducks place to stop her Quarry :

So *Mercury* to mortal View,
Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw.
Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* slinger,
Compar'd to him, would seem to linger;
And arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
In *Finsbury*, to him are flow :

(s) *Famque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernis*
Atlantis duri——

——(t) *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*

(u) *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis*
Constitit : ——

(x) ——*Huic toto præceps se corpore ad undas*
Misit ; ——

——(y) *Vi similis quæ circum littora circum*
Pisces humilis volat æquora juxta :
Haud aliter terras inter, cælumque volabat
Littus arenosum Lybiæ, ventosque secabat.

Nay lightning darter from above,
 With flaming Tail from angry *Jove*,
 Would in comparifon appear,
 To creep like lazie Loyerer,

(z) The first place after this vagary
 He lighted on, was *Dido's* Dairy;
 Whence he *Aeneas* soon did fpie,
 Ord'ring her Highnefs Husbandry:
 He took upon him as her Spoufe,
 And vapour'd like the Man o'th' Houfe;
 For all that time, as't came to pafs,
 In Quarrel high engag'd he was,
 And ready in his fumigation,
 (As Hiftories do make relation)
 To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,
 With a few fawcy Carpenters,
 Who building were an Houfe of Eafe,
 For *Dido* in neceffities:

They would not follow his advice,
 (As Workmen ftill are overwife)
 Which made him foam, and flirt out spittle,
 Becaufe they made the holes too little.

(a) Down hanging by his fide he had
 A dangerous bright-brown flafhing Blade,
 'T had been new furbufht up at *Tyre*,
 A better never pafs'd the Fire.

(z) *In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis ;*
Aeneam fundantem arces, ac testa novantem
Conspicit —————

—————(a) *Illi stellatus jaspide salva*
Ensis erat —————

(b) A

(b) Upon his back he had a Jerkin
Lin'd through, and through with ſable Merkin :
Given as a Preſent by the Queen :
It had indeed her Husband's been ;
But neither by the nap, nor tearing,
Was it a pin the worſe for wearing.
This (as of either Queen or King,
Vile People will be cenſuring)
Was given *Æneas* for a Charm,
And though the Queen might think no harm,
Yet ſome have given a parlous hint
Of a ſtrange hidden Vertue in't.

Equipt thus fine, *Mercury* found him,
(c) And roundly in his ear thus round him.

Thou here thy ſelf moſt buſie makes,
In building for the Queen a Jakes,
But never think'ſt, ſuch is thy wiſeneſs,
What will become of thine own buſineſs ;
The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,
Makes Men to quake like Aſpen-leaves ;

(d) He whom the reſt o'th' Gods do honor,
Has ſent me from *Olympus* Mannor.

— (b) *Tyrioque ardebat murice Lana*
Demiffa ex humeris : Dives qua munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas difcreverat auro.

(c) *Continuo invadit : tu nunc Carthaginis alta*
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxoribus urbem
Extruis, (heu) regni rerumque oblite tuarum,
Ipsè deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cœlum & terras qui numine torquet.

(d) *Ipsè hac ferre jubet celes mandata per auras,*
Quid ſtruis ? aut qua ſpe Lybicis teris oſta terris ?

To ask thee what thou dost intend,
Thy time thus wickedly to spend ;
And loyter here like a hum drum,
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.

(e) He says, though fearful, as a stranger,
Thy Coxcomb thou'lt not bring in danger,

To mend thy state, nor get thy living
By any honest way of thriving : (care

(f) He thinks though thou might'st take some
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,

And not thrash here like Bore unworthy,
When he has made provision for thee.

(g) Mercury vanisht, having spoke as
Y'have heard ; like an *Hocus-Pocus*.

And homeward did forthwith aspire,
Nor ever stay'd to drink at Tyre.

(h) But *Don Æneas* at the Vision
Was in a very sad condition ;

He could not speak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his hair did stand on end

(e) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
Nec super ipse tua—&c.—*

(f) *Alcanium surgentem, & spes heredis Iuli
Respice : cui regnum Italia, Romanaque tellus
Debentur—*

(g) *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
Mortales visus medio sermone relinquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit antram :*

(h) *At vero Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arrectaque horrere coma, & vox saucibus hæsit.*

So stiff, it thrust his hat so far
 Above his head into the air,
 That a great Turkey might have flown
 Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown
 Half-frighted out on's little wit,
 (i) He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,
 Till he was gone : (k) But how (alas!)
 To break the matter to her Grace,
 He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
 Than did the furthest man of Rome,
 (l) Nor could he frame him to begin,
 To appease that loving soul the Queen ;
 For nought more vexes Womens bloods,
 Than to be left so in the fuds.
 In this quandary, scratching's Sate,
 After a pensive long debate
 He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,
 (n) And bids 'um get their tools and tackles,
 Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful
 To lay in all things that were needful,

(i) *Ardet abire fuga*———

(k) *Heu ! quid agat ?*———

———(l) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furem
 Audeat affatu ? quæ prima exordia sumat ;
 Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
 In partesque rapit varias*———

(m) *Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant,
 Arma parent,*———

Especially good meat: (o) but stow it
 So secretly, that none might know it;
 That on occasion in a trice Sir,
 They might be gone and none the wiser;
 And since he humbly did conceive,
 To steal away and take no leave,
 Would be uncivil, and enough
 To tear a heart though made of Buff:
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
 (p) When set upon some merry pin,
 And tell her plain with Vows most fervent,
 He was her Grace's humble Servant.

(q) But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who
 Can think to cheat a Woman so?)
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware
 O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.
 'Tis true she ever had been jealous
 Of all such vagrant kind of Fellows,
 And kept her things safe under Lock,
 E'r since the stealing of her Smock:
 But now to add unto her fear,
 She had it buz'd into her ear
 (r) By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before;

— (o) *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,*
Disimulent: & quando interea optima Dido
Nesciat: —

— (p) *Et quæ mollissima fandi*
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus —

(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)*

(r) *Præsentit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tunc timens —

(s) No

(s) Not, as they say, out of good will,
 But to be brewing mischief still,
 That he for all his fair pretences
 (t) Had greas'd his boots, and wash'd his benches ;
 And now was ready set on Wheels,
 To shew a nimble pair of heels.
 (u) This sudden news, I do assure ye,
 Put *Dido* in a desp'rate fury,
 And made her frisk about and gad,
 That all her people thought her mad ;
 Whil'st she from house to house did flie,
 As she had run with *Hue and Cry*.

(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,
 When by the Jocky first bestriden,
 If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle
 Under her Dock to try her mettle,
 Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
 Enough to break her Riders neck ;
 Even so Queen *Dido* at that tide,
 Laying all majesty aside,
 Play'd such mad freaks, that well were they
 Could farthest get out of her way.
 Thus flinging round from place to place,
 At last, to make it short, her Grace

(s) *Eadem impia fama furenti*
 Detulit

(t) *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*
 (u) *Savit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem*
 Bacchatur

(x) *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cythæren,

Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,
Æneas, at one Mother *Red-Caps*.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,
 (y) *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,
 To think to steal so slyly from me,
 When thou hast had thy foul will o' me, (thee
 (z) Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid
 Nor yet the promise thou hast made me:
 Nor that thou know'lt if thou wert gone,
 My Work would all be left undone?
 But that thou'lt flink away thou Varlet,
 And lanve me like forsaken Harlot?

lanve

(a) In Winter too, o'r blust'ring Seas,
 When it 'twixt two a-bed doth freeze?
 (b) What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,
 A House to go to, of thine own,
 Couldst find yet in thy heart to 'reave me
 Of thy dear company and leave me?
 (c) By this salt Rhume thou see'st that wets
 My cheeks, and by thy hand that sweats,

(y) *Tandem bis Æneam compellat vocibus ultro;*
 (z) *Dissimulare etiam sperasti perfide, tantum*
Possesse nefas? tacitusque mea decedere terra;
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam
 ——— *Tenet?*

(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris sydere classem,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum;
Crudelis ———

——— (b) *Quod si non arva aliena, domosque*
Ignotas peteres? ———
Mene fugis? ———

——— (c) *Per ego has lachrylmis, dextramque tuum te,*
Per Connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos.

That bawdy fiſt, that has been laid
 So oft where now ſhall not be ſaid;
 I'm brief, by the whole matters carriage,
 And by the earneſt of our marriage:
 And by thoſe ſweet delights we ſtole,
 When the rain drove thee into the hole;
 (d) If that Bout pleas'd thee; or ſince any
 Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,
 I do beſeech thee *Trojan* fine,
 Not to undo both me, and mine.

(e) For thy ſweet ſake the knaviſh *Lydians*,
 The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
 In miſt of which is my abode,
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.

For thee I firſt forewent all ſhame,
 (f) And if that I liv'd by my good name;
 And wilt thou having ſpent thy ardor,
 And eat me out of houſe and harbor,
 (g) So baſely to my foes betray me,
 And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me ?

(d) *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 Dulce meum, miſerere domos labentis---*

Oro ſi quis adhuc precibus locus---

(e) *Te propter Lybicæ gentes Numadumque Tyranni
 Odere inſenſi Tyri; te propter eundem
 Exinctus pudor---*

—(f) *Et qua ſola ſidera adibam,
 Fama prior---*

—(g) *Cui me moribundam deſeris hoſpes.*

(b) No sooner shall thy back be turn'd,
 But all my Building shall be burn'd,
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me.
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,
 I had but a big Belly yet,)
 A little *Trojan* coming on,
 To play withal when thou art gone,
 Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
 I should have something yet to trust to.

Æneas ta'n thus basely tardy,

(i) Turn'd pale, and like a stick'd Pig star'd ye:
 He could not stand upright but lean,
 One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
 Nay he was struck so at her Speeches,
 Some say he did defile his Breeches,
 His Bowels did so yearn upon her;
 But being that may wound his Honor,
 I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
 To tell you what he said and did;
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* words (swords:
 Which stab'd him through and through like
 Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,
 To throw about her snout and throb so:

(h) *Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater
 Destruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?*

*Saltem siqua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam soboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Æneas*——

Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer.

——(l) *Ille immota tenebat*

Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

But *Merc'ries* Message more prevailing
Than her colloquing or her railing,
After a many fine good-morrows,
(*k*) He thus began to salve her sorrows.

Should I (quoth he) O Queen deny,
That thou art the flower of Courtessie;
Or any slanders vile contrive,
I were the basest Knave alive.

I must confess that thou, O Queen,
To me, and to us all hast been
More like a Mother than a Friend,
So much i'll say, and there's an end;

(*l*) And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a health to *Betty*,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Than top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire:

(*m*) Few words are best; if you'll be civil,
I'll tell the truth and shame the Devil.

(*n*) I ne'r had thought, much less desire
Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*.

(*k*) *Tandem pauca refert, Ego te, quæ plurima fando
Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
Promeritam*——

——(*l*) *Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.*

(*m*) *Pro re pauca loquor:*

——(*n*) *Nec ego hanc abscondere furto
Speravi (ne finge) fugam*——

And

And steal away from thee hony.

(o) But for the thing call'd Matrimony,

Although I did the thing you wot,

Jove be my Judge I meant it not.

Indeed I took it for a kindness,

To be familiar with your Highness,

But if I ever thought of other,

Than one good turn requires another ;

Or on such terms e'r gave my fist,

I'm th' arrant'st Rogue that ever pist.

(p) I must confess that if it lay

In my own power, as one may say,

That I had some good Bargain made,

And bound my Son here to a Trade,

Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore

Had no one but my self to care for :

I would as willingly Match with you,

As any Woman that I know :

(q) But as things stand, I needs must follow

The Counfel of my Friend *Apollo*,

Who sends me word I must convey me

To *Lycia* with all speed that may be,

Where by a dainty Rivers side,

A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd

—(o) *nec conjugis unquam*

Praeendi tadas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.

(p) *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*

Auspiciis, & sponte mea componere curas.

(q) *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo*

Italiam Lycia jussere capeßere sortes,

Hic amor, hæc patria est —

Will hold both me, and all my meany,
 And cheap as forty Eggs a penny,
 There then in downright truth do I
 Intend to live and occupy.

(r) And if so be that you, who are sage,
 Delight so in your Town of *Carthage* ;
 Why should it be in us so great sin,
 Who have no House to thrust our heads in,
 To travel to a Foreign Nation ,
 For some convenient habitation?

(s) I can no sooner go a nights
 To Bed (*Jove* blefs us all from Sprights)
 But that e'r I can frame to snore,
 My Fathers Ghost came through the door,
 Though shut as sure as hands can make it,
 And leads me such a fearfull racket ;
 I stew all night in my own greafe,
 So that your Maids may, If they please,
 Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
 Each morning tyde, as much good tallow,
 As well would liquor all their Sandals,
 And make beside six pound of Candles.

———(r) *si te Carthaginis*
Phaniffem, Lybicaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
Qua tandem Ausonia Teucros concidere terra
Invidia est? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.

(s) *Me Patris Anchisa, quoties, humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aëtra ignea surgunt,
Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret Imago;
Me puer Ascanius————

And

And all this is to have me gone,
 And not stay here t' undo my Son ;
 (t) Besides, not past an hour ago,
 Jove sent his Lacquey to me too ;
 I saw him flie, I'll (u) take my Oath,
 (And Man has but his faith and troth)
 As plainly ore your Dairy top,
 As e'r I saw him on the Rope :
 And heard him speak as plain but e'n now,
 As I hear you, or you hear me now.
 (x) Then let me be so much beholding.
 Unto your Grace to leave your scolding ;
 For I this Voyage undertake,
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.

(y) This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
 Rowling about her goggle-eyes,
 As she would throw 'um in his face,
 Unto her fury thus gave place.

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false heart
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art :

(t) *Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missus ab ipso*
 — *Celeres mandata per auras*

Detulit —

(u) *Testor utrumque caput —*
 — *Ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi*

Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

(x) *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;*
Italiam non sponte sequor,

(y) *Talia dicentem jamdudum aversa tuetur,*
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur.

The symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal!

(z) No Man or Woman of good fashion,
E'r coupl'd for thy procreation;

But whelpt thou wert of Tinkers Bitch,
Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch:

Nay, I'll not balk you Sir; nor care,
For all you look so big and stare:

Let thy foul Hide with malice burst,
I do defie thee, do thy worst.

(a) Instead of sighing in this case,
Full sowre thou belchest in my face;
And thou so stubborn art and canker'd,
Thou shed'st no tears, but tears o'th' Tankard.
Hadst thou but counterfeited passion,

To signifie commiseration,

Or offer'd but a sowre face, it

Had been a sign of some small grace yet;

But like a Logger-headed Lubber,

Thou grinning stand'st, and see'st me blubber;

(b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I see,
Will neither of 'um both chastise thee.

(z) *Nec te diva parens generis nec Dardanus author
Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hycanæque admorunt ubera Tigres,
Nam quid dissimulo?* —

(a) *Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
Num lachrymas victus dedit? aut miseratus amantem est?*

—(b) *Jamjam nec maxima Juno,
Nec Saturnis hac oculis pater aspicit aquis.*

(c) There's

(c) There's no truth in this age we live in:
 A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
 Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
 No cross to bless himself withal;
 I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
 Feasted and clad him like a Lord,
 (d) And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)
 This youth hail fellow with me made:
 And now forsooth he cannot stay,
Apollo bids him run away.

(e) Nay though I have in friendly wise
 Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice,
 Yet having now fall'n to his lot,
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot:
 Should he stay here, it would undo him,
 And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him;
 As if the Deities were so
 Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,
 But send their Lacquayes and their Pages,
 To him on How-de's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more breath,
 For whom the Wind that fumes beneath,

(c) *Nusquam tuta fides! eiecsum littore egentem*
Excepi, —

(d) *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*
 — *Nunc augur Apollo.*

(e) *Amissam classem, socios à monte reduxi,*

(f) *Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc de Jove missus ab ipso*
Interpres dñum fert horrida jussa per auras;
Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat —

Is far too sweet: Avant thou Slave!
 Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,
 Be moving, do as thou hast told me!
 (g) No body here intends to hold thee!
 (h) Go! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
 I'th' very bottom of the Sea:
 But should'st thou scape, and not in Dikelie,
 Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
 Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd:
 Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher,
 (i) I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,
 As soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,
 Which will be in a Week at most:
 Then in the midnight sleep I'll wake thee,
 And ride thee worse than any Hackney.
 I'll terrifie thee day and Night:
 Nay if thou do'st but go to——
 There will I stand with flaming Taper,
 To fizzle thy Tail instead of Paper.
 (k) I'll make thee rue the time that e're
 Thou cam'st to play thy Knaves tricks here.

(g) *I sequere Italianam ventis——*

——*Neque te teneo——*

——(h) *Pete regna per undas*

Spero equidem mediis——

Supplicia hausurum scopulis——

——(i) *Sequar atris ignibus absens:*

Et cum frigida mors anima subduxerit artus,

Omnibus umbra locis adero,——

——(k) *Dabis improbe pœnas.*

(l) In

(l) In middle of this wrathful speech
 Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :
 Her mouth was stopt, and on the ground :
 She silent lay in doleful swoond :
 Shut were her eyes; nor had she hearing
 For what *Æneas* was (m) preparing,
 Upon this pitiful occasion,
 To say in's own Justification.

In haste the *Trojans* all advance
 To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance ;
 They tryed to raise her in such sort,
 As when men cry, *Le Corps est mort* :
 But here the Charm would not prevail,
 They could not raise her from her tail :
 For though full light when her own Woman,
 Yet in this heavy dump was no man
 Could raise her up though ne'r so mighty,
 Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

(n) At last a crew of Strapping Jades,
 That were, or should have been her Maids,
 Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
 And having in her own Bed laid her,
 With Rugs they bolster'd her about,
 To try if she could sweat it out.

(l) *His medium dictis sermonem abruptit & auras
 Ægra fugit—*

(m) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
 Dicere—*

—(n) *Suscipiunt famulae, collapsaque membra
 Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

(o) *Æneas*

(o) *Æneas* though 't was his deſire,
 Something t' have ſaid might pacifie her ;
 And though his heart did bleed within him,
 To think of what had paſt between 'um,
 (p) Yet becauſe *Jove* ſo loud did threaten,
 He ſooner durſt his nails have eaten,
 Having ſo terribly been chidden,
 Than not t' have done as he was bidden :
 Therefore in haſte his Hoſteſs beck'ning,
 To come and bring 'um in a reck'ning;
 Strait to the Wharf repairs the hot-ſhot,
 (q) Without once calling for his ſhot pot.

The *Trojans* now by his Commiſſion,
 Lanch all their Boats with Expedition ;
 You now upon the Ocean might ſee,
 (r) The new greas'd wherries ſwim moſt tightly :
 They had new made 'um fine long Poles,
 New pitcht their Oars, and made new Thoules ;
 Though many things were left undone,
 (s) They were ſo eager to be gone.

(o) *At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
 Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas*

Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefaetus amore :

(p) *Juſſa tamen divum exequitur*————

————(q) *Clasſemque reſiſit.*

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt & littorè celſas

Deducunt toto naves :————

————(r) *Natat uncta carina :*

Frondeſque ferunt remos, & robora ſilvis

Infabricata————

————(s) *Fugo ſtudio.*

H

(t) Then

- (t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallies,
 From *Carthage* Town, through lanes and alleys,
 Stealing away with lewd intentions,
 To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,
 Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
 And dun 'em for their Quarters Table.
- (u) As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
 To fetch a hoard of Winter-food,
 Return well laden with their Vict'les,
 Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles :
 Even so the *Trojans* without doubt,
 Were at this season hung about
 With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,
 To cloath their backs, and feed their palats.
- (z) But what thought *Dido* in this case,
 When thus she saw them flink their ways.
 From Garret-window saw 'um row,
 And heard them crying *Eastward Hoo!*
- (y) To see how Love makes Folks do things,
 Against the hair, against the shins!

- (t) *Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes.*
 (u) *Hic veluti ingentem formica farres acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, telloque reponunt :
—It campis agmen, prædamque per herbas
Conveſtant calle anguſto, pars grandia trudent
Obnixa frumenta humeris, pars—
- (x) *Quis tibi tunc Dido cernenti talia ſenſus ?*
—Cum littora ſervere late
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma, totumque videres
Miſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.
Improbe A M O R, quid non mortalia peſtora cogis ?

For she, though full of indignation,
To be forsaken in this fashion;
And had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without salt have eat him;

Yet ne'rtheless, Love over-ruling,
(z) She fell again to her old puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the City.

(a) Look thee (quoeth she) where he (my Nancy)
Whose able parts I do much fanfie,
Has trust up all his Tools together,
To carry 'um the Lords knows whither.

(b) Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
And shove a Stern to hasten out;
A Rout of base unthankful Peasants!
The Devil cut their yelping Weazens:
The bawling Rascals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could' ever have been so uncivil,
Thus like a Jade to break his Teather;
I should have kept my Legs together:
Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faster,
To the due limits of his Pasture:

(z) *Ite iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur*———

Nequid inexpertum frustra monitura relinquat.

(a) *Anna, vides toto properari littore circum:*

——(b) *Vocat jam carbasus auras,
Puppibus & latbi nauta imposuere coronas.*

(c) But since he holds me at this distance,
 I beg thy sisterly assistance :
 Thou know'st the temper of the Block-head,
 And to a hair canst fit his Pocket :
 Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
 If e'r thoult do any thing for me,
 (d) Run to the Wharf with might and main,
 And try to bring him back again :
 I promise thee, and if I break
 My word, pray *Jove* I break my neck.
 (e) If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
 I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.
 (f) Tell him I e'r had more discretion,
 Than to join issues with the *Grecian* :
 I neither did meddle nor make,
 But as they brew'd so let them bake :
 Nor did I e'r make Skittle Pin-bones.
 Or Bobbins of *Anchises* Shin-bones :
 Why should he thus without all sense,
 Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench ?

—(c) *Soror misera hoc tamen unum
 Exequere Anna mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
 Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
 Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.*
 (d) *I soror atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*
 (e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miserere sororis)
 Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulavam morte relinquam.*
 (f) *Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exscindere gentem
 Aulide juravi, classemve ad Pergama misi :
 Nec patris Anchisæ cineres manesve revelli.
 Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures ?*

(g) I would

(g) I would but beg one kindness from him;

(h) I will no more claim promise on him:

But only that he'll tarry here,

Half, or a quarter of a Year;

Whereby I may, before he go,

(i) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow:

Or (if my constitution can

Not well subsist without a Man)

Until I can my self supply,

With one to do my drudgery.

I'll ask no further obligation,

(k) But let him to his Navigation;

He may to *Latium* then address

And swim or sink, all's one to *Befs*.

(l) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,

When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,

She tucks her Coats about her haunches,

And to the Water-side advances:

She tript so neatly to the Pyre,

It would have done one good to see her:

One would have thought she'd gone in haste,

Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

At last she came unto the place

Where *Dido's* dear *Æneas* was;

—(g) *Extremum hoc misera det munus amanti.*

(h) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit oro.*

Tempus inane peto, requiem, spaciūque—

(i) *Dum mea me victam doseat fortuna dolore.*

(k) *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat.*

(l) *Falibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus*

fertque refertque soror—

She found him set amongst his Mates,
 The rest o'th' *Trojans* Runagates,
 Puff't like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
 Roaring and drinking tory rory ;
 Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
 Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.

The *Trojan* had no sooner spi'd her,
 But though he could not well abide her,
 Yet 'cause he would part fairly with her,
 He askt what Wind had blown her thither.

She putting finger in the eye,
 (As Women when they list can cry)
 Told him in what a sad condition
 Her Sister was ; her last Petition,
 And pray'd him as he was a true Man
 Not to undo a proper Woman.

(n) But she might e'n have sav'd her juice,
 And kept her tears for better use.

(e) His resolution still opposes,
 He would go spite of all their Noses ;

(p) And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,
 The more you twist, you stronger make it :

—(n) *Sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ulla tractabilis audit.*

—*Lachrymæ voluntur inanes.*

(o) *Fata obstant, &c.*

(p) *Ac veluti annosum valido cum robore quercum
 A pinî Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc.*

Evuere inter se certant, &c.——

Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.

Haud secus assiduus hinc atque hinc vocibus heros

Tunditur——

Mens immota manet——

Even

Even so, the more she try'd to twind him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No friend she had could now perswade her;
She stamp'd and star'd, as she were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to mind in woful wife,
Aeneas and his treacheries,
How often he had stabbd her honour,
That Men would now make Ballads on her;
She was resolv'd without delay,
(r) Fairly to make her self away,
And meant to put her resolution
Into most tragick execution.

She had alas! too just incitement,
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And reason good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation:
For such Portents and dire Presages,
As still have been Disaster's Pages,
Foretold her overthrow so plainly,
She saw t' oppose it would in vain be.

(s) She call'd to wash, and do you think,
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;

(q) *Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido.*

(r) *Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri,
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat.*

(s) *Vidit thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
Horrendum dictu, latices nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscenum se vertere, vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.*

And that by chance being Cherning-day,
 Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whay!
 This *Dido* saw, but would by no means
 Tell her own Sister of the Omens.
 But that which gave the most persuasion
 Unto her full determination,

Was this, she kept *Sichæus* bones
 In a great Coffer made o'th' nonce,
 As sundry others have done the like,
 By way of superstitious Relick,
 In a dark Cellar under-ground,

(u) From whence each night a dismal sound
 Pierc't *Dido's* tender ear, and wish't her,
 Nay like a Husband admonish't her,
 To fit her for her latter end,
 For why he told her, as a Friend,
 That in a very short space, she
 Should of this World, no Woman be.

(x) The Scrich-Owls too, were her molesters,
 Who still were chanting out their Vespers:

(y) Besides she had her Fortune told her,
 When 'bout some dozen or so, no older;
 That she should but one husband have,
 And after that a scurvy Knave

(u) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
 Visa viri; nox cum terras obscura teneret*

(x) *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sæpe queri*——

(y) *Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant*——

Should

Should steal her honour like a Thief,
And make her hang her self for Grief:
These sad Portents falling so thick,
And pat on one anothers neck,
Put the poor Queen besides her senses,
As a just Plague for her offences.
(2) She dreams *Aeneas* now is going,
Like a false Friend to her undoing,
And that she must when *Trojan* goes,
For ever lose her Play-fellows,
Which to a Woman's cause sufficient.
Let her be ne'r so well condition'd,
To raise her to extravagancies,
When she must part with what she fancies.

(a) Even as a Bitches fury up is,
When people come to steal her Puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
When *Dildo* must be ta'n away:
She was so much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not live without him,
But in her desp'rate resolutions,
(b) Would hang her self to try conclusions.

(2) *agit ipse furentem*
In somnis feras Aeneas, semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incommutata videtur
Ire viam—

(a) *Emenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitated Orestes,
Ille ita concepit furis—

(b) *Decrevitque mori tempus secum ipsa modumque*
Exigit, & maestam dictis aggressa sororem,
Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat

The time and manner she projected,
 And that she might not be suspected.
 She smug'd her visage up with smiles,
 And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles,

(c) *Nancy* (quoth she) I've found at last
 A way for all *Æneas* haste;
 If thou in the Exploit wilt join,
 Shall pay him back in his own coin,
 And bring him back by our contriving,
 Since he's so goodly, dead, or living,
 Seeing the Rogue my love disgraces,
 I'll spoil his sport in other places.

(d) A mile from hence, or such a space,
 Down in a bottom lies a place,
 Far out of all High-ways and Roads,
 Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,
 Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,
 That (can they catch 'em) will not spare men:
 There in a Cave lies an old (e) Wretch.
 An ugly rotten toothless Witch,
 so old that one would think she were
 The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratæ sorori)*

Quæ mihi reddat eum, ———

——— Vel eo me solvat amantem ———

(d) *Oceani finem juxta, solemque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum locus est: ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet ———

(e) *Hinc mihi Mætylæ gentis monstrate sacerdos,*
Hesperidum templi custos; epulasque draconi
Quæ dabat, ———

Spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.

(f) Now

(f) Now this old Bedlam can do Wonders,
 If she but say the word, it thunders,
 Lightens, or rains, or hails, or snows,
 Or any weather you'll suppose.
 She'll make a Cowl-staff by her spelling,
 Amble like any double Gelding;
 And in the deep o'th' night the base Hag
 Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:
 A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
 And of an Egg-shell make a Frigot;
 Nay in a Thimble stem the Flood,
 Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
 She can, where she does owe a spight,
 Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,
 And the Bride's longing disappoint,
 By vertue of a Codpiece-point.
 She can make people love or hate,
 Even whom she please, and at what rate;
 And by her Magick and her Spells,
 Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
 In short, there's nothing that has ill in't,
 But she has admirable skill in't,
 And does her mischiefs too as quick
 As any Jugler does a trick.

(f) *Hac se carminibus promittit solvere mentes
 Quas velit; ast aliis duras immittere curas:
 Sistere aquam fluviiis, & vertere sidera retro;
 Nocturnosque ciet manes, mugire videbis
 Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornes.*

(g) I take

(g) I take the gods to witness Sister,
 I'm led into this course sinister,
 Out of no end men wicked call;
 But only for revenge, that's all.
 And since I am so basely crost,
 I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
 More than I'll speak of; she perchance
 May lead my Trojan such a dance,
 Shall make him glad, as fast as may be,
 To come again and cry *Peccavi*;
 Or make him hang himself at least,
 For an example to the rest
 O'th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
 That take a pride to ruin Women:
 And by good luck she's now hard by here,
 Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,
 Sent for it seems about no ill deed,
 To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed.
 And I'll go fetch her by her favour
 With a *Subpœna*, but I'll have her.
 (b) In the mean time go thou and tie
 Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,
 And make a dainty running noose;
 Like that fell to the Fellows share,
 That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Testor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingere artes.*

(h) *Tu secreta pyram tecto-interiore sub auras
 Erige.*

(i) Then

(i) Then take me out *Æneas* rayment,
All I have left in part of payment :
His greasie Doublet and his Trowfes,
Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louse is :
The Treasure he has left behind him,
In the great standing Press you'll find 'um ;
Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
The worfe the stuffing is, the fitter ;
And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
As People use to ram their Engines ;
Make haste and do as I have bid ye ;
I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :
So I'm advis'd to do, and so

(k) I mean to serve him, if I blow ;
Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
Will stay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.

(l) Thus having said, the Queen chang'd colour,
No Ghost could e'r look pitifuller.
One would have thought by her dejection,
And by her woful wan complexion,
She had been going just o'th' sudden,
To drop and give the Crow a Pudden,

—(i) *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit
Impius, excuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
Quo perii, superimponas :*

—(k) *Abolere nefandi
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monstratque sacerdos.*
(l) *Hæc effata silet ; pallor simul occupat ora.*

(m) *Nancy*

(m) *Nancy*, (although she saw the Queen
 Ready to burst her hoops for teen)
 And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,
 Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd so,
 She did no further on't consider,
 (n) But went about what she had bid her;
 Dreaming no more than her last Even,
Dido had been so lewdly given.
 Away therefore my Lais does trot,
 And presently an Halter got,
 Made of the best strong hempen Teer,
 And e'r a Cat could lick her Ear,
 Had ty'd it up with as much art,
 As *Dun* himself could do for's heart:
 The Rope, and say 'twas got 'oth' sudden,
 Did prove so prime a special good one,
 That with fair usage it might come
 To hang up *Carthage* all and some.
 The *Trojan* Doublet she had fill'd so,
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so;
 And that the cramming of his Breeches,
 Had not quite broken out the Stiches,
 His very Stockings, though they were,
 About the feet, out of repair;
 Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,
 And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe:

(m) *Non tamen Anna novis pratexere funera sacris
 Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores*

Concipit, aut graviora timet. —

(n) *Ergo justa parat. —*

Having

Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
She laid him out in *Dido's* room ;
(e) Display'd upon a fair long Board,
Ready when *Dido* gave the word,
To be advan'd into the Halter,
Without the benefit on's Psalter.
Scarce had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,
When up the stairs, behold the Queen comes,
(p) Leading along th' old rotten Gammer,
Into her Highness matted Chamber,

When she was come, and saw the portly
Trophy in that most noble sort lie,
As she oft-times had seen the Sinner,
Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner ;
She fell again into a Passion,
Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration,
Of past delights, seeing those Breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beseeches
To shew her utmost skill and cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.

The mumbling Witch bid her not fear,
But rest content, and of good chear,
And she should see she'd make him stay,
Or foul her art should say her nay.
(q) With that the Hag begun her Charm,
You would have thought she'd had a swarm

———(o) *Exuvias, ensaque relictum,
Effigiemque toro locat.*

(p) *Stant ara circum, & crimas effusa sacerdos.*

(q) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Eribumque, Chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Diauz.*

Of Wasps or Hornets in her Throat,
 There came so strange a humming out:
 And as she spoke her hallow chaps,
 Bound up in two thin shrivel'd flaps
 Of old abominable leather,
 Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
 Her little Eyes being fiery red,
 Were sunk so far into her Head,
 They look'd when most she star'd at full,
 Like farthing Candles in a Scull.
 Her Nose hung like an Arch between
 Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin.
 A craggy passage, and uncouth,
 Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth.
 And Elf-locks hung so, on each shoulder,
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses,
 Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses.
 Which by the manner of her mouthing,
 Was certainly *Burlesque* or nothing.
 And in these Rhythms as round she limps,
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
 (r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion
 With a rapid brackish Lotion,
 For ought I know, of her own making,
 By her much stirring and pains taking.

(s) A red-heart breaker next she mow'd off,
 A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

(r) *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fontis Averni:*

(s) *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus
 Et matri præreptus amor.*——

And burnt it for a strong perfume,
 And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
 Then hand in hand to dance they fall,
 A grave and solemn Magick-brawl,
 In such hard figures none could tread 'um,
 But the old hobbling Hag that led 'um.
 Poor *Dido* too alafs! made one,
 Although her dancing days were done:
 And tho opprest with Wo and Care, cut
 Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot;
 (u) Imploring all the Deities,
 At every step, both he's and she's,
 To turn *Æneas* back, and make him
 Follow the Work he'd undertaken;
 Or if he would not turn, t' afford
 The grace to turn him over-board.
 Thus to her footing the poor Jade,
 Out of all measure curs'd and pray'd
 Against her Love had so offended,
 Till dance and charm together ended.

(x) 'Twas now the time when Candles are
 Repriev'd by the Extinguisher;

(t) *Unum exuta pedem vinclis*————

Testaturque Deos——

——(u) *Tum si quod non æquo fœdera amantes*

Cura numen habet, justumque memorque precatur.

(x) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem*

Corpora per terras, silvæque & sava quierant

Æquora——

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pislæque volucres,

Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis

Rura tenent, somno posito sub nocte silenti

Lenibant curas——

When every thing to sleep down lies,
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties ;
 And Men and Women rest their Heads
 And Heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
 Now Men and Fishes, Birds and Beast,
 And every thing was laid to rest ;
 All but the woful Queen (alafs !)
 Who now was brought unto that pass,
 What with her love, and what with spight,
 She could not sleep one wink all night.
 Her Stomach now was piping hot,
 (z) It boil'd and bubbled like a Pot,
 And did so strong a wambling keep,
 She fitter was to spew, than sleep.

Have you seen an Animal
 Yclept an Horse, when in his Stall,
 The Borts, that terrible Disease,
 Doth on his tender Bowels seize ;
 What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
 He rouling plays upon the Planks ?
 So *Dido* crost in her Amours,
 Tumbled away her sleeping Hours,
 Now on her back, and in such fashion,
 As if she lay for consolation ;
 Now on her belly, now her side,
 All postures, and all ways she try'd ;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœnissa: nec unquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
 Accipit:*

(z) *Magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.*

But

But all in vain, nothing would do,
(a) Her heart was so oppress'd with wo,
And love within her did so rumble,
She could do nought but tofs and tumble:
At last in midst of agitation,

(b) She thus brake out into a passion :
Which way poor *Dido*, should'st thou turn
thee,

Whilst cruel Love does thus heart-burn thee ?
Thou hast of hope not one spark left,
Th'hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
Not one poor dram of Consolation,
O Woman vile in desperation!

What shall I do in this condition,
To keep me from the World's derision ?

(c) Shall I invite to be my Spouse,
Some one I have forbid my house ?
Some faucy, proud *Numidian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take

(d) *Æneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away basely with this Skuller.

(a) *Ingeminant cura, rursusque resurgens*——
Sævit amor——

(b) *Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat,*
En quid azam ?——

——(c) *Rursusne procos irrisa priores*
Experiar ? Numadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sum toties jam dedignita maritos ?

(d) *Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Tencrum*
fussa sequar ?——

——*Sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes ;*

(e) Or shall I raise the Town in swarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms!
Alas, I fear it is no boot!

Foul means will never bring him to't,
(f) No, no, I'll die, this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, shall do the feat.

(g) Ah! Sister, Sister, hadst not thou
Play'd Mistress *Quicklies* Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed Folly:

No, had I made the least resistance,
And kept the saucy Knave at distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'r been brought to had I wist.

(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating;

(i) Whil'st he Drum-full with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful passion
He had most vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.

(c) *An Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
Insequar?* —

(f) *Quin morere, aut merita es: ferroque averte dolorem.*

— (g) *Tu prima furentem
His germana malis oneras* —

(h) *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore quasus.*

(i) *Aeneas celsa in puppi
Carpebat somnos* —

(k) But

(k) But *Merc'ry*, tho he slept profoundly,
 (l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,
 And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,
 Mangy, carelefs, drunken, drowfie
 Coxcomb; how oft must I be sent
 Hither from *zove* to complement
 Your worship to a reverent care
 Of the young Bastard here, your Heir?
 Whil'st fast thou ly'st tipled, or tipling;
 Nor car'st what danger the poor Stripling
 Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best snore on,
 Some body will be here anon:
 Take t'other nap, Do, till the Queen come,
 She'll reckon with you for your In-come.
 She'll rouze ye faith! And (Goodman Letcher)
 'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
 About your ears: Therefore my loving
 Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving;
 Upon my word th'advice is wholsom,
 Stay not until the angry Soul come:

(k) *Huic se forma Dei*——

Obtulit in somnis——

Omnia Mercurio similis——

——(l) *rursusque ita visa monere est*

Nate Dea——

——(m) *potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*

Nec quæ circumstant te deinde pericula cernis

Demens?——

Illa dolo—— *in cœtore versat.*

(n) *Non fugis hinc præceptum dum præcipitare potestas?*

Eia age, rumpe moras——

For if thou dost, mark what I say,
 And be'st not gone before 't be day,
 (a) If *Carthage* ben't about your ears
 As soon as ever day appears,
 And do not thrash your back and side,
 Far worse than *Agamemnon* did ;
 Those of your Woman-stealing Rabble,
 Give me but six-pence if thou'rt able,
 And here's my hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty shillings for't.
 (p) Thus having said, away he flies,
 E'r *Tof-pot* could unglew his Eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that case,
 The *Page* was got as far as *Atlas*
 Back on his way, e'r he could free 'um
 From gowl and matter fit to see him :
 But having streakt and yawn'd a while,
 Snorted, and kept the usual coil
 That Drunkards use in such like cases,
 And made some dozen Devils faces ;
 At last he got his eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty magnitude,
 He stard about to see the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous admonition :
 But 'twas so dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt twelve and one at Night ;

(o) Jam mare turbare trabibus sevasque videbis
 Collucere faces, &c.

Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.

— (p) Sic satus nocti se immiscuit atræ.

That had the nimble Currier
In kindness staid his leisure there,
Though clad in *Falstaff's Kendal Green*,
He could not possibly be seen.

(q) *Æneas* troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not see at all,
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates again.

(r) Rise Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,

(s) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye.

His Man was here, and calls to go still,

His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still.

He swears and offers to lay odds on't,

And if he say't I'll lay my——on't,

That if we do not leave the Dock,

And get us hence by four a Clock,

We shall be murder'd if we were

Ten times as many as we are.

Therefore I think it not amiss for's

To launch, for there are Rods in piss for's.

Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,

Till we be got clear out of all ken;

Then if they have a mind to lace us,

Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Æneas subitis exterritus um'ris*
Corripit è somno corpus, sociosque fatigat.

(r) *Præcipientes vigilate viri*——

——(s) *Deus æthere missus ab alto,*
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum stimulat.——

(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kin!
Who hitherto so kind hast been,

(u) If now thou stick, and do not fail's,
Let *Dido* whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
And at one flash, to all mens wonder,
Cut the Boats triple Cord a sunder.

(y) At which the Gang spurr'd by so ample,
So mighty and renown'd example,
Cut all the rest; nor staying brooks,
But let the Devil take the hooks,
And shipping Oars, to work they fall,
Like men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallant fight.

Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
So neatly (z) brusht as they were then
Of many a year: Crabs that did nest
Full deep therein, could take no rest.

——(t) *Sequimur te sancte, deorum
Quisquis es.*——

(u) *Aësis, O placidusque iuves & sydera cælo
Dextra feras!*

——(x) *Dixit, vaginaque eripit enses
Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferros.*

(y) *Idem omnes simul ardor habet*——
——*rapiuntque ruuntque*

Littora deseruere——

——(z) *& cæcula verrunt:*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Bason,
So admirably well, that *Jason*,
Although he shav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'r washt him half so well as these.

(b) *Aurora* now, who I must tell ye,
Was grip't with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on Petticoat of red,
Forth of the Morning-Doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping-hole to spie
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.
But out alas! (d) The devil a Sail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was stript; whilst far from shore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which sad sight, in Wrath (God blefs us!)

(e) Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
She sighing said, Was ever seen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royfter
Undo, as one would do an Oyfter,

(a) *Adnixi torquent spumas*——

(b) *Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.*

(c) *Regina è speculis ut primum albescere lucem*

(d) *Vidit & aquatis classem procedere velis,
Littoraque & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.*

(e) *Flaventesque abscissa comas, Proh! Jupiter! ibi
hic ait, & nostris illuseris advena regnis?*

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say !
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
 Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon *Neptune's* lakes !
 The Devil sure farts in his Poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;
 Or else some dirty Suburb Drab
 Has helpt the Rascal to a Clap,
 And sent a running Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much way.
 (f) Cannot I burn, or sink their Floats,
 A lousie Fleet of rotten Boats !
 Yes, I'm a Queen, to Sea my People ;
 Let none remember he's a Cripple :
 But run and row, found and unfound,
 And those you kill not, bring home bound !
 (g) But tarry here goody Magistrate,
 Your big Commands come now too late.
 Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,
 They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.
 (h) Queen thou art mortal, and must die
 A Sacrifice to Lechery.

(f) *Non arma expedient ? totaque ex urbe sequuntur ?*
 ———ite ;

Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.

(g) *Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mentem insania mutat ?*
Infelix Dido ! ———

———(h) *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ;*
Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas. ———

Time

Time was thou might'st have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.

(i) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mother's Smock was lapt in.

Of twenty *Greeks* this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,

And through the fire a pick a pack,
Bore the old finner on his back,

Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he
Made the brave Voyage o'r the Sea.

This was your trusty *Trojan*, this :
Now he shews what a Man he is !

(k) Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogue's devouring Throat;

(l) Or of his Bastard make a Pye,
And being bak'd in Paste of Rye,

(m) Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Pasty !

Why did I not, e'r this disgrace,
Kill him, and all his treacherous (n) race ?

—(i) *En dextra fidesque ;*

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates,

Quem subiisse humeris confectum atate parentem,

(k) *Non potui abreptum dirvellere corpus, & undis
Spargere ?*

—(l) *Non ipsum absumere ferro*

Afcanium

—(m) *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?*

—(n) *Natumque patremque*

Cum genere extinxem ; memet super ipsa dedissem.

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.

(o) Thou *Sol* who didst in pimping sort
Because thou wouldst not spoil our sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather :
And you that brought young Folks together,

(p) Procurests *Juno*, *Jove* and all
Ye Members of *Olympus* Hall,
I charge ye, as y'are Folks of fashion,
Grant this my latest (q) Supplication.
If nothing can this Rogue withstand,
But that he must get safe to (r) Land,
Let it be such a Land as he
Had better far upon the Sea

With all his Comrogues have been drown'd,
Than such a wretched place have found.

May he, where he expect his Leases,
Ne'r know what such a thing as Peace is ;

(s) But be drub'd daily back and side,
Till his bones rattle in his hide.

May he ne'r sleep an hour in quiet,
But be disturb'd with rout and riot ;

(o) *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras ;*

(p) *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,*
Nocturnisque Hecate——

Et dira ultrices, &c.——

——(q) *Nostras audite preces*——

——(r) *Si tangere portus*

Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.

——(s) *Bello audacis populi venatus, & armis,*

Finibus extorris——

Black be his days, and may his nights
Swarm with hob-goblins, ghosts and ſprights;
May Strangers daunt him with bravado's,
(i) And Spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at laſt fall worſe than Sea-ſick,
And find no Quack to give him Phyſick:

(u) No help for mony, or for love found,
But let him lie and rot above ground,
May none give houſe-room to the Mungril;
But let him periſh on ſome (x) Dunghil.
And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcaſs be deſerted,
As Traytors Quarters Men expoſe
To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.

(y) This my laſt pray'r is, hear it then,
I ſhall ne'r trouble you again.
And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.
Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o're my Grave;

—————(t) *Complexu avulſus Iuli,*

(u) *Auxilium imploret*—————

—————(x) *Videatque ſuorum*

Funera—————

—————*Mediaque inhumatus arena.*

(y) *Hæc precor; hæc vocem extremam*—————*ſundo.*

(z) *Tum vos O Tyrii, ſtirpem & genus omne futurum.*

Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc miſſite noſtro

Munera—————

(a) And

(a) And may those Children that are yet,
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

(b) This said, she let a groan, and sigh'd,
A doleful sigh, that prophesi'd
The thred was spun, and that the *Parce*
Would shortly cut it without mercy.

(c) In mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What kind of Death was best to die in.
Poyson she thought would not be quick,
And which was worse, would make her sick;
That being therefore wav'd she thought,
That neatly cutting her own Throat,
Might serve to do her business for her;
But that she thought upon with horror,
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her blood.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning
That way she thought 'twould be a done thing
Soon, and with some delight; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace a dry.

(a) *Pugnent ipsique nepotes;
Excoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*

— *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt.*

(b) *Hæc ait* —

(c) *Et partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam quarens quamprimum abrumperè lucem.*

But then again she fell a thinking,
 She should be somewhat long a sinking,
 Having been ever light of members;
 And to dissuade her more, remembers,
 'Twould spoil the cloaths might do some one
 Credit, when she was dead and gone.

On these mature deliberations,
 She lik'd none of these dying fashions:
 But looking up, and seeing the Rope
 Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber top,
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace
 E'n long'd to wear it for a Necklace:
 And in that Circle in Conclusion,
 She prick'd the point of resolution.

(d) But an old Woman being by her,
 One of her Chattels brought from Tyre,
 An ancient heir-loom to the Queen,
 'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been:
 She meant to send her first away,
 On sleeveless Errand (as we say)
 That she Might have her swing alone,
 To do her execution.

(e) Cicely (quoth she) go to my Sister,
 Bid her tie up her head, and wish her
 To wash her hands in bran or flower,
 And do you in like manner scour

(d) *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem effata Sichæi.*

(e) *Annam chara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem:*

Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha,

—Tuque ipsa piâ tege tempora vittâ.

Your dirty Golls ; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a Friend too,
 O'th' Mornings Milk ; let 't be her care
 To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,
 And fill the Milk into't : and hear ye,
 Take you the large Cheefe-Fat 'th' Dairy,
 And scour it clean with Sand ; bid *Jone* too
 Get on the Pot, that she may come too,
 And when the Cheefe is come, but break it,
 And call ; for I'll come help to make it.
 (f) The hobbling Trot leaps down the Stairs,
 And now the desperate Queen prepares,
 (g) Although her woful heart did pantle,
 To make her self a sad Example.
 (h) Towards the fatal string she moves
 With tardy pace, as it behoves
 Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away,
 When she came underneath the halter,
 The colour in her face did alter ;
 Whil'st down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
 As if her eyes had been at bowls.
 First she beholds with trickling eyes,
 (i) *Æneas* his most dear disguise :

——(f) *Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*

(g) *Et trepida——& pallida morte futura.*

(h) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos
 Conscendit furibunda rogos——*

——*Paulum lacrymis & mente morata.*

(i) *Hic postquam Iliacas vestes, notumque cubile
 Conspectis——*

And

And as the Trowfes she survey'd,
Reflecting how she'd been betray'd :
Sighing, cry'd out (k) Oh ! thou who wert
The joy and comfort of my heart,
Whil'st Casket to my dearest Jewel ;
But since the Fates have been so cruel,
My grief and shame, farewell for ever ;
And here I prophesie that never,
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'r come near thee :
Farewel, my latest leave I take,
And kifs the Case for Ho-boys sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the Table,
Because though tall, she was not able
To reach the Halter that must tye
Her fast to doleful Destiny :
And having like too apt a Scholar,
Thrust her plump Neck into the Coller,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging fashion,
She thus began her last Oration :

(l) That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,
I doubt, (alas !) too many know ;
But that I now will dye, is known
To no one but my self alone :
And if I Nature's debt do pay,
And hang my self before my day,
The censuring World can say but this,
That I'm the better Pay-mistress;

(k) *Dulces exuvia, dum fata, Deusque sinebant.*

—*Dixitque novissima verba.*

(l) *VIXI, & quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*

And though I dye a death they say,
 Makes Sufferers themselves bewray
 And dye uncleanly Corps; yet I
 Shall leave, although I purging dye,
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
 A fame shall favour sweet enough.
 (m) For murther'd Spouse I've made amends yet
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,
 And made *Pygmalion* that undid us,
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
 And at my proper cost and charges,
 A Village built, which for it's largeness,
 (n) In a few Years, might well have grown
 To be a pretty Market-Town,
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
 T' undo what all my care had done.

Then going to turn off: (o) But must
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,
 I dye like Felon vile, or Traytor?
 Sans vengeance on this Fornicator?
 (p) And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
 Yes dye, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
 If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:

(m) *Urbem præclaram statui, mea mœnia vidi;
 Ultra virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.*

(n) *Felix, heu nimium felix, si littora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carina!*

(o) *Sed moriamur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, & nostra secum ferat omnia mortis.*

Then 'cause she would to part the sweter,
A portion have of *Hopkins* Meeter,
As People use at Execution,
For the *Decorum* of Conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And Ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat;
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.

(q) With that she from the Table swung,
And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
Enough, in such a swing to stop her,
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper :

(r) So have I seen in Forest tall,
From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
And Bully tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging, down fell she.
She caperd twice or thrice most finely;
But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,
Till at the last in mortal trance,
She did conclude the dismal dance :
A yellow aromattick matter
Dropt from her heels commixt with Water

(q) *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia*——

(r) *Non aliter quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis
Carthago*——

Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,
 (s) Set all the house in sad uproar,
 All at the first that they amiss thought,
 Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot ;
 And when the stairs they had ascended,
 And saw her Majesty suspended ;
 The Servants frighted past their senses,
 Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
 And ran to all the next abidings,
 With open cry to tell the tydings,
 (t) Ev'n like unto the dismal yowl,
 When trifful Dogs at midnight howl ;
 Or like the Dirges that through Nose
 Hum out to daunt their Pagan Foes,
 When holy Round-heads go to Battel,
 With such a yell did Carthage rattle,
 (u) At the first news poor Nancy skreeks,
 And taring hair, and scratching cheeks,
 Ran up the stairs, and like a Fell-shrew,
 Made all that stopt her feel her Elbow :
 Till having jostled all opposers,
 And thrust some twenty on their Noses ;

(s) *It clamor ad alta*

Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,

(t) *Lamentis, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremant, resonat magnis plangoribus æther :

Non aliter quam si, &c.

(u) *Audist exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu*
Urgentibus ora soror sedans, & pectora pugnīs,
Per medios ruit

At

At last the place she set her feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or sweeten :
(x) Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*,
To buy a Rope! (y) Was this, quoth she,
Your fine device to cozen me !

Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accessary!

Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I still thy chiefest confident was !

(z) What didst thou know, but kindly I,
Might e'en have hang'd for company ?
But in thy ruin, I and all

Thy people suffer, great and small,
And in this wilful Woman-slaughter,

(a) Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* son and daughter.

(b) But stay, methinks I am not hasty,
To close those eyes that stare so gastly.

(c) Which said, her Buttocks on the Board
She foss'd, that all the Chamber roar'd ;

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit ?*——

——(y) *Me fraude petebas ?*

Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes aræque parabant !

——(z) *Comitemque sororem*

Sprevisti moriens ? eadem mea fata vocasses :

Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c.

(a) *Extincti te, meque, soror, populumque, patresque*
Sidonios, urbemque tuam ; date vulnera lymphis,

(b) *Abluam*——

——(c) *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altor,*

And

And being an active Lafs and light,
 At one jump more stood bolt upright.
 (d) Thrice in her Arms did *Nancy* catch her;
 Thrice thumpt her bosome to dispatch her.
 And thrice her latest breath did roar,
 In hollow sound at Postern-door.

(e) Then *Juno*, who had ever been
 As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen ;
 Hearing the lamentable cries
 That from her Village pierc'd the Skies ;
 Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,
 Where seeing all things off the hooks,
 And *Dido* in unseemly sort
 Hang dangling there, being sorry for't,
 (f) And loth a Queen in Hempen tackle,
 Should to *Plebeians* be spectacle ;
 She call'd a little Emissary,
 That us'd her Embassies to carry ;
 One Mistris *Iris* : a main pretty
 Nimble House-wife, and a witty,
 One that if bidden once, would do't.
 And had the length of *Juno's* foot
 So right, that for her parts and feature,
 She was become her Mistris's creature.

(d) *Semi animemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c.———

Ter sese attollens———
Ter revoluta toro est———

(e) *Tum Juno*———
 ——(f) *longum miserata dolorem*

This

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)
 At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
 And though by birth a Dyers Daughter,
 Yet had her Friends full well up brought her;
 And because *Juno* gave great Wages,
 Prefer'd her thither for a Pages.

Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,
 And big with tears bid her be marching,
 (g) Put on her wings, and swiftly clip it,
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris when young, had learnt to flie
 (As Youth is full of Waggersy)
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,
 And for her journeys, lately made
 Fine party-colour'd Wings to flie in,
 No worse than of her Fathers Dying;
 Who knowing that his Daughter was
 To be prefer'd to such a place,
 And what she must b' employ'd about.
 Had spar'd no cost to set her out.
 (h) At the command of Heaven's Goddess,
 She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
 Which waving did adorn the Skie,
 With all the fair variety
 Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,
 When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.

(g) *Irim demisit Olympo,
 Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.*
 (h) *Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roscida pennis,
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Devolat*—

Full swift she flew, till coming near
Carthage, she made a Chancelleer,
 And then a stoop, when having spy'd
 Queen *Dido's* Window staring wide:
 (Set open you may well presume,
 (As there was cause) to air the room,
 She nimbly, to all Folks amazement,
 Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.
 (i) O'r *Dido's* Head she took her stand,
 And cry'd, whilst flourishing a Brand,
 Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
 Epilogue to this Tragedy;
 And thus O *Dido* set thee loose,
 From twitch of suffocating noose.
 (k) Which said, and tossing high her Blade
 With great dexterity, the Maid,
 (l) O wonderful! even at one side-blow
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

——(i) *Et supra caput astitit. Hunc ego Disi
 Sacrum iussa sero, teque isto corpore solvo.*

(k) *Sic ait*——

——(l) *Et dextra crinem secat: omnis de una
 Dilapsus calor, atque inventos vita recessit.*

FINIS.

